

Grim Tales Volume 1

Annette Keachie



GRIM TALES

Horror Story Collection

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Authors Note

I have always been a fan of horror, and have always wanted to scare people myself. I would also like to thank many people who have inspired me throughout the years, in the 16 years that I have been writing.

This book is for Johnny Schwing.

Community

Flashy lights and neon signs glowed brightly in the night, as cars drove down the famous strip of Las Vegas. Tourists crossing the walks, and blocking traffic was a given; while street walkers handed out trashy materials such as sex advertisements for call girls to any tourist that walked by them. The sound of music and other sounds played in the background while the already crowded streets were growing more crowded. Each person seemed oblivious as to what was underneath them; a secret that not many tourists knew about, as a community of people lived in the underground tunnels of Las Vegas. The hollow underground had gone unnoticed as it seemed like it was a given that no one knew about it. There were a few entrances, just on the outskirts of the main drag of Vegas, and bums from all over the world seemed to live here. Lost tourists have also stayed there, and some of them now gone.

The muffled sounds of cars, casinos, music, and other sounds could be heard above the massive underground living community. There was little light, and the light that the people had, where their lighters, flashlights, and other means of making light. Scattered debris, blankets, and other miscellaneous stuff lay all over the grounds. People sat up against the walls reading under their made lights, or stolen hand lamps or where there people caught stuffing their faces with trash food found in the dumpsters from the backs of restaurants. In some areas of the tunnels, people were living as if they were living in apartments. They had full out furniture, such as beds, tables, dishes and other things to live off of.

A young well built man with a shaved head and dark eyes seemed to be the leader of the underground, and along side of him where his two closest pals, Edward and Steve. Two fat men, one with a bushy beard, that made him look like a worn out gnome, while the other guy was just a simple plain looking fellow with short dirty blond hair. The leader's name was Conrad, and most people would look at him and be intimidated by him at first, but he was just as friendly as everyone else. He was a born Irishman, and immigrated to the States several years prior. He had a good life until his

mother died, and he just could not find a job at 18, so he moved to the streets and had been living in the undergrounds of Las Vegas for 10 years now.

A woman found sleeping upside the wall had big messy hair, her face was dirty and she wore tattered clothing, she seemed to be the second in command. If cleaned up, the young woman would have been a good looking blonde lady with bright blue eyes. Along side of her where a few strangers, that sat up looking around in silence as if in lost deep thoughts with their hands clasped together. Conrad walked about with Edward and Steve throughout the tunnels Steve stopped in his tracks as they stood directly underneath Caesars Palace. Conrad stopped, and looked at him; Steve kept walking a few more feet, and then looked back.

"What"? Conrad asked.

"Do you hear that"? Steve pointed upward toward the ceiling.

"Hear what"? Edward asked he offered a shrug of the shoulder bringing up his hands.

"Shhh"..... Conrad raised a hand and crinkled his nose trying to listen.

Silence fell throughout the underground except for a few footsteps from another direction throughout the tunnel. It sounded like thunder rolling above their heads with screams that sounded as if they were further away than anticipated. Conrad looked over to the sleeping woman.

"Sarah... Hey Sarah"!

"Huh"? She murmured lightly in her sleepy state, then slowly brought herself to her feet, and rubbed her eyes as she stretched and walked over toward the trio of men. "What is it"?

"Shhh"! Conrad told her then pointed upward. Sarah's eyes followed his finger to look and hear the sounds of screams, and thunder.

"Sounds like the roof is fucking caving in"! She stated, and then looked at the other two men Edward and Steve.

"What do we do"? Steve asked, as he walked closer, forming a full circle.

"We wait, there's nothing we can do" Conrad spoke in low tone looking around.

Another lady approached the group, and studied each person. Conrad and his crew looked at the pretty young red haired teenager. "I'm going to find out what all the commotion is about. I just have the need to know." She told the group, then backed away, turned around and started running down the tunnels.

"Wait"! Sarah yelled after the red haired girl. Sarah looked to her three friends, and sighed. She ran after the girl.

"Following me"? The young girl asked.

"I want to know what's going on too...What is your name?" Sarah said between pants of breaths as both ladies ran down the tunnels, following its twists and turns, and then running down a long narrow tunnel pathway.

"My name is Brenda". The teenager panted lightly.

They finally reached the end of the tunnel and then looking at its entrance not hearing anything anymore as they seemed to have run the opposite direction it was happening from above. Sarah took the left side, and wandered up the hilltop, Brenda following suit, on the right side. Both ladies stood there with their hands upon their foreheads to block the sunlight from their eyes.

"I don't see anything Sarah"! Brenda informed her.

"No me either... Just the usual..." Sarah agreed. Just as Sarah started back down the hill, Brenda took notice of a group of people starting to scatter.

"Sarah look!" Brenda exclaimed as she scouted the issue from her spot.

Sarah climbed Brenda's side of the hill and observed what Brenda was seeing. "What's going on"? Brenda asked as she could hear distant screaming now becoming present.

"I don't know..."Her voice trailed off, just as she heard footsteps running from the tunnel. It was the three men.

" What the fuck's happening out there"? Conrad demanded.

"People... Running " Sarah spoke in a trailed off voice as she still watched the action.

Brenda looked down to her footing as she walked down the hill, and stopped dead before the three men. "Check it out for yourself." Brenda told Conrad, as she studied him carefully.

Conrad looked at the 16 year old girl, biting his lower lip, then decided to climb the left side and observed. "The kid is right... It looks like chaos. I wonder what's making the people run off in fright." He added as he looked back and forth between Steve, and Edward. Then he looked back over to Brenda, to see her looking up at him. Edward and Steve looked at each other and decided to climb up Conrad's side of the tunnel and have a look themselves.

"Holy shit..." Steve whispered, as now hundreds of people started to flock throughout the streets.

"Well what the fuck's going on"? Sarah demanded in high pitched tone.

"We don't know"! Conrad raised his voice in frustration. "I have never seen this in all the years I have been here"! He told her, and then looked around at the others. Brenda stood at the bottom looking up at the three men, and then back up to Sarah, who was looking at her.

"Maybe it's a robbery"... Brenda stated.

"No. Something worse than that. " Conrad told her. Brenda stood there looking up at him

"How do you know..."? Her sweet voice asked up at him.

"I don't know..." Conrad admitted he didn't know.

Sarah climbed down her side and stepped beside Brenda. "I know this guy in the tunnel that has a police scanner, maybe we can find something out." She stated to everyone.

Conrad stepped down from the top of the hill and landed onto the concrete, and following him was Edward and Steve. The five stood there looking amongst one another before heading back inward the tunnels. "Who is this guy you know Sarah"? Conrad asked, as he watched her feared expression for a moment; then waited for her reply. Sarah seemed reluctant to answer his question, as she looked around between everyone, and back at him.

"Just some crazy old man called Ralf". Sarah finally stated as they walked throughout the narrow tunnel, and then followed its twists and turns.

Everyone followed Sarah who led them to where Ralf stayed. They reached Ralf who was drunk out of his mind, sitting up against the concrete wall. He was an older broad looking man with a bushy beard, and hair only at both sides of his head. He could hear them coming, but his eyes were closed, as if he were in a trance. He lightly sipped at a bottle of rum, then put it to the ground next to himself, and allowed it to roll away indicating he was finished with that bottle.

"Do you hear all that up there"?! Sarah asked as she tapped the old man's foot gently with her foot to grab his attention.

"I do yes... " Ralf started as he popped open his eyes and looked up at her. "Listen the police are making an emergency broadcast as they have called in the army"! Ralf was

calm about it, as he wasn't sure what was going on either, as he only heard miscellaneous crap about people running wildly out of the casinos, and down the streets.

"3401...."

A female dispatch voice called out over the scanner.

"3401..." A male voice responded.

"Any word as to what's going on at the strip"? The female dispatch asked.

" Reports of sickly looking people attacking other people in the casinos, and giving chase down the streets. A few officers are going over to look into it." The male officer responded promptly.

"10-4". Dispatch stated over the scanner.

Conrad crinkled his nose, and shallowly spoke in low tone. "What the fuck....." He looked around.

"It's the end of the world man..." Ralf piped up, and then offered a hacking cough, reached into his pocket, and pulled out a brown paper bag that had a small whiskey bottle, then took a swig of it. Sarah watched Ralf, then looked over to Conrad.

"So now what"? Just as she asked, the sounds of gun fire could be heard along with thundering feet and screams.

Brenda screamed and huddled next to Ralf on the ground wrapping her right arm to interlock with his left arm and trembled. Brenda wasn't sure what it was, but she felt comfortable with the old man. Perhaps he reminded her of someone when she was a bit younger. She trembled as she looked up to Sarah seeing that Sarah was watching her, along with everyone else.

The sounds of footsteps echoed through the tunnel. Another man emerged toward the group. "What's going on"? He asked. He was a black man, tall and muscular, bald, and very handsome. He studied the group carefully recognizing almost everyone there. He too looked down at Brenda who was still huddled up against Ralf; and offered her a reassuring smile. He then looked to the leader of the pack Conrad, for answers. Conrad watched how the black man entered the area, he studied him a short while before speaking. "Something really weird..." He informed the black man.

"I have seen you around, many times. My name is Troy" The black man extended his arm out to shake Conrad's hand.

Conrad shook Troy's hand. "Conrad. "He simply stated. "This is Sarah, Edward, and Steve" He then looked to Brenda and Ralf who were huddled into a ball together.

"Brenda" Brenda offered to shake the man's hand, but he kissed it.

Ralf grumbled. "I'm Ralf. I seen you here before, but not very often"

Troy smiled and nodded to each person he shook hands with. "Nice to meet you guys, yeah I come and go, I'm everywhere I guess". He told them, as he backed away after shaking their hands, and looked at the group. He looked at the police scanner, and studied it for a moment or two, before asking how Ralf got the scanner. Before Ralf was able to provide Troy with an answer it crackled loudly, then dispatch was heard.

"Officer down, Officer down!" The male officer screamed on the scanner. Everyone looked at the scanner, and then looked amongst each other.

"10-4, I will send back up." The dispatcher's voice on the scanner stated.

"We need more than just the army..... is more like it!" The officer told the dispatch.

"What are we dealing with out there"? The dispatch asked.

**"Some crazy fucking shit man, some guy just bit my officer and
ARRRRRUHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH.....
....."** The officer screamed.

"3401 are you alright"? The dispatch asked...

**"ARRRRRRGGG Crackle... AHAHSHHIT.. FUCK..... CRACKLE....
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH
HHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH....."**

"3401...?"

Crackle... crackle... nothing but static

"3401 come in.... come in 3401!! The dispatch started to panic.

The air went dead between the dispatch and the male officer. The female dispatch spoke in low tone as if to hide her voice some someone or something as she made a broadcast... **"Where are you guys...?"** She was addressing the army. No one answered. While the screams had faded, everyone in the group looked slowly between one another, not sure what to think of what they had just heard. Fear kicked in, and each person showed it upon their faces, as they all locked eyes with one another, then they all looked back down at the scanner.

"What the hell was that"? Edward pointed at the scanner.

Ralf grinned. "Already told you, it's the end of the world. 'He reached back into his pocket and grabbed his whiskey bottle and took another swig.

"Ewwwww"! Brenda exclaimed then pushed away from the old man, and stood back up.

"Oh cut the shit man!" Troy bellowed at Ralf for his stipulation. Ralf looked up at him, placing his bagged bottle of whiskey back into his pocket, and staggered as he stood up.

"What shit"? Ralf growled as he faced Troy.

"Old man I will pop you one if you don't sit your old ass back down"! Troy warned.

"That's enough"! Sarah barked, as she got in between the two.

"I'm scared"! Brenda exclaimed.

"It's alright, we're safe down here"! Conrad told here.

"No frigging respect" Ralf growled toward Troy in a low mumble.

"Enough"! Sarah yelled once more her voice echoing throughout the shallow confines of the tunnels.

The scanner crackled some more, Sarah looked down to it. The sounds of gun fire emitted above them once more. Brenda slowly swept a piece of her hair away from her eyes, as she began to lightly sob. A few tears fell from her eyes, following a few short silent sniffles. Brenda could see Conrad gazing in her direction, but thought nothing of it.

"If there's gun fire going on, then something major is happening." Steve piped up.

"Did you see all those people"? Brenda sobbed lightly.

"Yeah we did"... Conrad's voice trailed off as his listened to the thundering feet, screams and gunfire, happening all at once.

"We need to barricade ourselves in"! Edward informed them.

"From what? You tell me what can possibly be out there that can find us down here"? Conrad argued.

"Didn't you hear the scanner?" Edward protested.

"The man is right..." Troy spoke up, agreeing with Edward.

Ralf looked around. "What about weapons"?

"I have tons of those"! Sarah told him.

"I figured you would. You're the fighter of the group...." Ralf chuckled.

"Gee thanks..." She whispered. Ralf shrugged.

"We don't need weapons guys; all we need to do is build something to block that entrance." Steve said. '

"Did you see the size of that fucking entrance"? Conrad said.

Steve looked at him with disappointment and scratched his head. "There are more narrow tunnels here, with small man made rooms that we can work with."

Conrad twisted his mouth in thought knowing Steve was correct. "True. So let's get started then. Who has a hammer and some nails? What about wood?"

"I saw a huge wood pile just on the outside of the entrance, along with metal scraps and other shit" Troy spoke up.

"Okay well take a weapon, because that policeman said his partner was bitten by someone. So something funky is going on up there" Sarah told him.

"I'll go with you" Edward offered the help.

"Okay" Troy agreed to both parties with a simple nod looking amongst everyone.

The two men started off, Troy picked up a man made club with nails embedded in it, and carried it. Edward took Sarah's Louisville slugger.

"Well what do I do"? Brenda asked.

"You're coming with us of course, to look for other tools that will help barricade us in a safer spot." Steve told her.

"She stays with the old man." Conrad informed him.

"But..." Brenda started to protest, but was cut off by Conrad.

"You're staying, that's final". Conrad growled. Brenda backed up toward the wall frightened from Conrad and the sounds happening above them.

"She comes with us, and so does Ralf"! Sarah argued.

Brenda smiled. Ralf coughed lightly after taking another swig. "I embrace the end. So let me stay"! He told them.

Conrad growled. "The girl stays with him and that's final!"

"Fuck off Conrad, she comes and THAT IS FINAL !" She placed her nose onto his nose arguing him, as she placed her hands upon her hips. It looked as though the two of them were about to kiss.

Conrad lifted his hand and pointed his finger in her face. "She stays"!

"She comes"! Sarah barked.

"I'm coming"! Brenda wept.

Conrad backed away looking at the two females.

"She's young and capable of fighting, which means she's strong, and would be a good asset"! Sarah informed lowering her tone.

Conrad growled a growl of defeat, and crinkled his nose at the two of them. "Fine"!

Brenda looked down at Ralf as he skid himself back onto the ground. "Are you coming"?

Ralf watched the commotion, and then looked to Brenda who asked if he was coming. "Go on without me dear" He told her. A sad look was expressed upon Brenda's face, as Conrad started to lead them away to better confines. Brenda looked back over her shoulder at Ralf to see him drinking his bottle. Steve placed an arm on the youth's shoulder and guided her away.

"We have no nails, but we have a hammer". Sarah told them. In the background the scanner could still be heard as it echoed through the tunnels as they were only a few hundred feet away from Ralf and his scanner.

"This is the US Army, If anyone is listening, we just received word that a virus has broken out in the Las Vegas area, and people are ordered to evacuate the area immediately for bombing. It is unknown where it had started, or who had started it, but we cannot maintain control, and are losing too many men. Air forces are on their way and bombing will begin in half an hour." Crackle.. Crackle... Crackle... **"I repeat evacuate the area immediately, bombing will take place in 30 minutes..."**

Brenda stopped to listen. "Do you hear that?" Everyone else stopped to listen as well.

Sarah grew impatient and finally barked out orders. "Okay let's hurry the fuck up and barricade ourselves before something or someone bites us and we get the infection." They started walking off quicker now. Brenda still listening for the scanner. Nothing more was said, but crackling, and more gunfire could still be heard above them.

"I'm really scared" Brenda whimpered as they all jogged throughout the tunnels.

An irritated growl emitted from Conrad "We are all fucking scared, now keep moving"! He ordered. Brenda said nothing more and did as she was told. Along the way they picked up weapons in the narrow hallway, and carried them into one of the rooms, that was directly under the MGM Grand Hotel. The room provided steel doors put up by one of the homeless people a few years back. They went through the doors, and into the room. It was silent above them for now. Conrad looked to Steve wondering what was taking Edward and Troy so long to retrieve the goods. No sooner he thought that. Troy came busting through the doors panting with the club in his hand. There was blood on it. Conrad reacted with anger, and threw Troy up against the concrete wall. "Where the fuck is Edward"?!

Troy panted hard. "He..... He's...."

"Why is there blood on the club"? Sarah barked in anger as she threw herself at him as well. Steve followed, the three of them cornering Troy.

"They got him".....Troy said in his panting.

"Who got Edward"? Conrad barked grabbing him by the arms and slamming him into the wall once more.

"Zombies, man .. Fucking zombies"! Troy yelled in a whimper as saliva fell from his lips.

"There is no such thing as zombies"! Conrad protested.

"Then why where they grabbing him, and biting him "? Troy whimpered in a high pitched tone.

Brenda started to pant in fear. Sarah looked back seeing Sarah trembling. "Zombies"? She asked Troy. Troy nodded placing both of his hands onto his face and he started crying slowly bringing himself onto the ground into a sitting position.

"Then what they fuck are we standing here for"? Steve asked.

"Come on get your shit together guys..." Conrad protested.

Steve shook his head. "I'm out of here. We need to look for stuff to block that door"! He protested some more, then walked toward the door, and stopped dead in his

tracks. He dropped his weapon, and stood there in fright. There was a man standing there glaring at him, with a dead look in his eyes. It was Edward. "Oh fuck man...."

"What"? Sarah looked over.

"Edward"! Conrad yelled in a husky voice.

"No don't..! Stay away from him"! Troy yelled.

Conrad forced himself back over to Troy, picked him up by the shirt forcing him to stand, and shoved him into the wall. "I don't know what kind of game you're playing but I don't like it"! He spoke between clenched teeth, baring his fists as he held onto Troy's shirt, and shook him as he held up there up against the wall. He could see the fear in Troy's face, as he held him there for a few moments.

Troy cried out. "No you don't understand.."

"Shut the fuck up... " Conrad glowered Letting Troy go, then walked toward the door, he looked at Steve.

"What's your problem"? Steve looked at Conrad.

"Look at him.. He looks very sick, and the way he's just standing there. " Steve pointed out.

"He's right". Brenda said.

"Stay out of this kid". Conrad spoke in low tone.

"I'm not a kid"! Brenda protested.

"Leave her alone"! Sarah sneered.

Conrad walked toward the doors and slowly opened them. "Get in here Edward; we need your help to barricade ourselves in here. The army is going to bomb the city above us"! He told him.

"Bomb the city"? Troy asked.

"Yeah there's too many of these so called zombies of yours.." Steve remarked in sarcasm.

Troy shook his head. "Whatever man, whatever.."

Edward slowly walked as if to stagger past the doors. His eyes almost rolling to the back of his head, his looked drowsy, and brain dead. "What's wrong with him"? Sarah cried out.

"I already told you, He was attacked by those, those creatures"! Troy shouted.

There was a card playing table and a pair of chairs within the room. Conrad gently took hold of Edwards shoulder and guided him toward a chair to sit down. Edward complied not saying anything.

"Okay this is kind of creeping me out guys".... Sarah spoke as she watched Conrad and Edward. She crossed her arms around her chest. "Why isn't he talking"? Sarah tapped her foot on the concrete floor. Conrad looked at her then to Edward to see his eyes beginning to shut and flicker open. "Because he's hurt, look at him. He's bleeding"! He snarled as he looked over at Troy.

"Man like I said it wasn't me"! His voice rose.

"Shut up"! Conrad yelled.

"Guys, guys, guys..." Steve raised his hands into the air. "Okay so Edward is injured, but from what; we don't know."

"Oh quit taking his side you moron"! Conrad snapped.

"Well what if he's right. I mean didn't you hear the guy on the scanner?" Steve said

"Yeah. There's a virus going around and it's passed by contact with blood saliva and other bodily fluids. " Brenda reminded Conrad. Conrad looked between Edward, Steve and Brenda then looked down to his hand touching the wound on Edward. Edward groaned. Conrad brought himself down to his level lightly tapping his face with his hands.

"Come on buddy, snap out of it" Another groan fell from Edwards lips. "Maybe all you need is rest".

"You're an idiot..." Brenda sneered.

Conrad pointed at her with his weapon he was holding a crowbar. "You, shut the fuck up now" Brenda snorted at him, then walked over to Sarah as she crossed her arms across her chest.

"You know ever since today, you been a real asshole, you know that"? Sarah remarked.

"Yeah so"... Conrad answered sharply.

Sarah shook her head and sighed with a roll of her eyes. Conrad looked back to Edward while everyone watched him. "You sit here and rest buddy".

Edward nodded semi consciously. "Now let's get to work" Conrad told his crew.

Everyone moved and did as told, going out of the room, to find stuff to block the doors with. Steve and Troy came back with a heavy dresser, and carried it together into the room, and placed it near the door then went off to find some more stuff. Conrad found a few wooden skids, and brought that back to the room. Sarah and Brenda came back with a mattress and dragged it into the room. Back and forth they all went from the tunnel to the room carrying heavy enough stuff to place at the door. They all worked together to block the entrance of the door.

"Okay I think we got it " Conrad stood there as if to admire their work. Edward sat in the chair, his head drooping. Conrad looked over at him. "Hey Eddie.. You okay "? He called over. There was no response. He looked to Troy who slowly sunk down to the ground to pick up his club. "Put it down" Conrad ordered in a sharp tone. Slowly Troy put it down, but he stood close to the ground in case something where to happen. Conrad walked over to Edward to check him out to see if he was alright. He placed a hand upon Edwards's shoulders. Edward snapped around a rabid look on his face, foam and blood falling from his lips, he swiftly stood up, and swung robotic like at Conrad.

Conrad dodged the attack. Troy grabbed his weapon. "Oh fuck this shit man.."

Brenda and Sarah screamed as they held each other. Steve stood back and watched the events unfold before him. Conrad held his arms up in submission, as he looked to Edward who stood there and looked at everyone. Conrad slowly backed away. Troy was ready for a swinging good time. "Put it down"! Conrad yelled once more his voice booming throughout the room.

"Fuck you"! Troy yelled. Just as Troy yelled Edward went for Conrad, reaching him. Edward gripped Conrad's left hand and brought his mouth to bite off Conrad's index finger.

"Fuck"! Conrad yelled as he kicked at his best friend. Troy watched for a moment or two before reacting. Conrad brought his hand up and saw that he was missing his index finger. "Son of a bitch"! He screamed, and then ran to go grab his weapon, but Edward was on him once more, pulling him away and throwing him to the ground.

Troy reacted with recoiling his right hand, and slamming the club to Edward's face. He stood there to see if it would faze the zombie, but it seemed to have done nothing, but piss him off even more. Edward went for Troy this time, but Troy jumped out of the way, and grabbed one of the chairs, and whipped it at Edward. Edward threw the chair out of the way catching it and throwing it allowing it to hit the concrete wall beside him. Troy raised his club, ran at the side of Edward, and slammed it to the side of Edward's skull once more. He moved away from Edward as swiftly as possible, but

was grabbed by the Shirt. It forced Troy to drop his club, and roll out of his shirt, and run away from Edward. Conrad came up from behind Edward, and smashed a crowbar to the back of his head several times, slashing into his dead flesh, and cutting through the skull and into the brain.

Blood spattered all over Conrad's face and chest. Seeing that Conrad killed his best friend, he looked to Troy panting. Troy left his shirt off, panting. "Now do you believe me"? Conrad nodded.

Troy reached for his club. Sarah went to stop him. "We have to kill him Sarah or he will kill us"!

"No"! Sarah cried out as a tear fell from her face. Conrad grabbed his injured hand, trying to hide it.

"Like hell you're killing me" He brought up his crowbar, and both men faced off.

"I'm not dying because of you"! Troy told him.

"I'm fine"!

"You naive son of a bitch"! Troy yelled, slamming his club to the wall.

Brenda went to Sarah and started crying into her. Sarah calmed her by rubbing her head as she held onto her. Steve stood up against the wall still shocked to see what had just happened, and what was going to happen. Just as both men went to one another, loud banging was heard at the door. Brenda screamed, Steve jumped from his spot, and Sarah looked over letting go of Brenda. Troy and Conrad halted to listen. "The end is here, the end is here listen!!" It was Ralf who brought his police scanner with him, with the army linked into the police scanner.

Screams and yelling could be heard from the other side of the door. Ralf was one of them who screamed for his life as he was being torn apart from zombies, and the screaming from the zombies where shrill like.

"What the fucks going on out there"! Conrad yelled.

Troy shook his head as Conrad left to go by the door to have a better listen. Troy arched his weapon and struck Conrad in the back of the head. Brenda screamed once more. Steve had a stoic look on his face as Troy smashed him again. "I'm sorry.. I'm sorry!" He said as he hit Conrad with his club. Conrad reacted to hit Troy back and got a good hit at Troy's six packed belly. Troy almost doubled over, but held his ground, and smashed the club into Conrad's face, knocking him over onto the ground. Steve, Sarah and Brenda all yelled for Troy to stop, but Troy reamed Conrad, skull fucking him with his club until pronounced dead. Troy looked at the remaining three people in the room. "If we stay here, we may become infected, because of the blood. "

"You killed him... Why"! Sarah cried out.

Brenda bawled her eyes and slid down the concrete wall and landed on her ass then placed her head into her hands, bringing up her knees. Troy watched Brenda, then

looked over to Steve who still had nothing to say, until he was looked at." Okay what next"?

Troy grabbed a chair and sat in it, looking to the two dead bodies. "You better hope those two fuckers don't get back up and snag you. " Steve advised. "It happens all the time in the movies man".

"Relax dude, nothing is going to happen, because if it does, I'm ready for it. "

Sarah looked to the two dead bodies her once two buddies now lay dead in the barricaded room. The doors pounded of bodies trying to get in, but the door was well barricaded and no one was getting in, or out for awhile. The scanner went off once more starting with a crackle.

This is the US Army, we have evacuated most of Las Vegas, we have an issue underground.

Sarah's heart jumped as she looked to Troy, her eyes wide and filled with fear. "They're going to blow us up down here"!

We have issued fighter jets set to blow up Las Vegas and the surrounding areas. We were commanded by the US Government to also blow up any underground dwelling to rid the disease. We are still looking for survivors, however there are none found. We have the go ahead in five minutes, and counting.

Brenda looked up. "Oh fuck"! Her voice sounded pleading.

"We need to get that scanner"! Sarah ordered.

Troy watched the two, then looked over at Steve who nodded in agreement.

"How" Brenda asked.

"You're the fastest runner, so you can get it. We all have your back"! Troy told her.

"Me? How do you know I'm a faster runner than you"? Brenda fought as she stood up.

"Because you're a kid, and kids run fast". Troy told her.

"Not all of us do... but okay..." Brenda had no choice but to agree to get the scanner to call for help. Silence fell from the other side.

"I think they are gone" Steve said as he looked to the stuffed door.

"Hurry we need to get this shit out of here, so we can get that scanner"! Sarah told them as she started to plug away at the door to rid of the things blocking it. Everyone else

started helping, and soon the door was vacant of anything blocking it. Troy opened the doors, and looked around then saw the scanner across the hall from them. He motioned for Brenda to pass him. She complied, and quickly ran across the hallway to go grab it, and was half way running back and saw Ralf. He was now a zombie. "Troy"! Brenda cried out, Troy saw it too, and went for Ralf, slamming the club into the back of Ralf's old skull, knocking the brains right out of him.

"Dang that's hollow shit"! Troy commented then saw another zombie as Brenda ran past him. Steve came out with a hammer and swung it at the throat of the zombie, slashing it open, and watched the zombie fall while it gurgled on its own blood. "Good swing"! Troy said.

"Thanks". Steve grinned.

Brenda grabbed the scanner and ran back to the room with it in her hands. She gave the scanner to Sarah. Sarah had a look at it. "I seen Ralf use this not only for listening but also for talking. I think he got it from this trucker dude". She fiddled with it, and a green light went on. "Think I got it". She whispered. Steve and Troy stood by the door guarding it, and killing whatever zombies approached.

"Hello"? Sarah called into the scanner.

A crackle was heard, and it forced Sarah's heart to jump. "Fuck" She whispered, then tried again. "Hello... Can anyone hear me"?

Another crackle and then a long squeal.

This is the US Army, what is your location"!

A male's voice answered on the other end, his voice was half muffled.

"We are in the Las Vegas Underground Tunnels, we are in a room and we barricaded ourselves in... Please don't bomb us"! Sarah pleaded.

Crackle..... Squeal

I'm sorry we have no choice ma'am you have three minutes to get out of there...

A look of disbelief was seen upon Sarah's face. "There's no fucking way we'll make it"! Sarah told the man on the other end. Nothing more was said. "Go, go, go, go, go!!!! " Sarah told her crew. Everyone ran for it, Brenda and Sarah grabbed weapons for themselves. Brenda was scared and had goose bumps as she ran, she knew deep down they could not make it. They were stopped by a crowd of zombies.

"Take another exit"! Troy yelled as he skidded to a halt, and ran another direction.

Brenda led the group to another area, and followed a long tunnel running as fast as she could. "Wait Brenda wait"? Troy called out as Brenda was losing trail of them. He was right. Kids do run faster; scared perhaps. She could hear the footsteps of them following her through the tunnel as she drew closer towards the light, and entrance way. She pushed harder as she heard fighter jets flying swiftly above. A cry fell from her lips as she lost everyone behind her but Troy, as he seemed to speed up right behind her.

Fighter jets flew over several times as if to wait for the four of them, but they just couldn't wait. They bombed the other end of the area, and Brenda could feel the warmth of the blast hitting her heels as she ran faster toward the end of the tunnel, and out of it. She waved her hands back and forth as she jumped up and down flagging them in distress for them to stop. She fell to the ground as the same fighter jet that flew over and bombed the other side, the pilot spotted her, but didn't care orders where orders. He dropped another bomb, and then bombed the rest of the city alongside a few other jet fighters. The blast was massive giving off a mushroom cloud where you could see it from the mountains. Las Vegas was no more and no longer existed, it was nothing more but a mass area of fire, fallen buildings and debris.

The Child

Blood filled the carpets, the walls, and furniture in the eerily silent large home. Dead bodies of a family lay scattered throughout the house, in their own pools of blood. The stench of death was growing stronger by the hour, as the night became morning. Sunlight began to poke through the blinds of the living room, and cast upon the floor. A faint sound mustered in the hallway by the bottom of the stairs.

A small child about 5 years old became conscious as she lay there in her own blood. Her pyjamas were soaked at the back where she had been stabbed multiple times, she was soaked from head to toe, and her face had the look of a lost wild stare as she attempted to crawl. Her feeble attempts were cut short when she heard footsteps upstairs; the killers were still there. Grace lay there motionlessly pretending to have expired as the footsteps one by one came down the stairs. Three large men must have come back for something, and Grace may have missed them coming back into the house. She squinted her eyes as she lay face down, her nose pressing onto the floor, as two of the men stepped over her, and the third man walking around her looking down at her.

Grace played it smart despite her wounds, she may have been in shock and not felt the wounds yet as she lay there face down, trying to look as if she was in her original position. Grace heard the men leave the house slamming the door shut. She gasped for air, and cried out a few whimpers as the pain began to kick in. Her cheek turned to look at the doorway seeing it was closed, and she heard three doors of a car slam shut, and the vehicle take off quickly. She attempted to crawl again, but it was deemed impossible. She cried out recalling the events that took place.

Her two older brothers 8 year old Sam, and 11 year old Alex were the first to die; shot in the head point blank, was Sam's way to die; Alex was drowned, and stabbed. The mother had her throat slit, and was stabbed multiple times. The father had a bean bag over his head and strangled, along being shot in the back of the head and it was obvious that Grace was stabbed in the back several times. It was miraculous that

she was still alive and moving, or she tried to. She cried out louder this time as she managed to crawl a foot ahead toward her father's cell phone that lay on the floor.

She just could not make it, she grunted, cried, and screamed. She coughed and choked as blood fell from her mouth, she was over doing it just by moving and the back of her lungs forced blood into her throat and out of her mouth. Grace cried out a gurgled cry, and her head slammed to the floor as she passed out from the immense pain that bolted throughout her body like lightening.

An hour later a car pulled into the driveway, and the jingle of the keys could be heard from the children's nanny approaching the front entrance. The sound of keys forced Grace's eyes open as she recognized the sounds of Katrina opening the door. Katrina had been their nanny for 7 years, and just lived 5 minutes drive away from the house. Katrina opened the house to make a gruesome discovery, of Grace laying there at the bottom of the stairs gurgling in her own blood, and raising a hand asking the young woman to help her.

"Oh my God, Grace"! Katrina cried out, as she dropped her purse and ran inside the house, bent down next to Grace, and glanced into the living room to see the bodies of Frank and Ella the parents.

Ella was half way on the couch, and Frank was tied and leaning in a dining room table chair with the bean bag over his head, soaked with blood. Katrina covered her mouth and gasped. Her eyes scanned the ground seeing blood everywhere, and she spotted Frank's cell phone by the couch, and stumbled to grab it, almost tripping over her feet. She didn't want to see what was upstairs, but she had to go look to see if Sam and Alex were alright. Sam was in his bed, with blood still oozing from his brains, which were dripping upon the bedroom floor. Katrina cried out as she held the cell phone in her hands and dialed 911, and then she discovered Alex head first in the bathtub, that was filled with water, and his blood soaking the floor.

"911 emergency"! The dispatch spoke on the other end.

Katrina couldn't say anything as her body trembled. She almost tripped down the stairs but grabbed for the railing, to hold herself up. "Help"! She whimpered.

"I can't understand you ma'am, you need to speak up"! The dispatch told her. Katrina tried, but no sound came from her.

"Help." was all she could say as she fell onto the ground upon her knees and bawled her eyes out, as she had one of her hands upon Grace. She finally spoke clear as day her voice screamed out. "HEEEEELLLLLLPPPPPP" Her voice was filled with agony, she looked down at Grace who was trembling in fright. Katrina managed to get up, and grabbed a blanket from the chesterfield in the hallway and put it on Grace to keep her warm.

"What is your location ma'am" The dispatcher called out from the phone hearing the plea and cries for help as Katrina sobbed and found it hard to speak as she was in shock from her grim discovery. Katrina finally spoke in a shaky voice.

"I'm at 345 Oakville blvd... There have been multiple murders; there is a small child still alive... Please help me!" Katrina screamed at the dispatch her voice filled with agony as tears streamed down her face.

"Help is on the way" The dispatch told her.

Moments later sirens could be heard. "Hang on Grace help is coming, don't you die on me sweetie, I'm here!" Katrina told her. Seconds later five police men barged into the home, one of them almost vomiting upon the scene. Katrina's arms were covered in Grace's blood as she held her. Paramedics rushed into the house soon afterward, and took Grace from Katrina.

"What the hell happened here?" One of the police men asked Katrina.

"I don't know who did this, but I just got here 20 minutes ago, and discovered it." Katrina was bawling her eyes out, and told the police that she had been the nanny for 7 years, and was well trusted. The nanny found it hard to speak as she told the police all that she knew and was let go from questioning.

Katrina sped to the hospital, to see Grace, by now cleansing and stitching have been made to the child's back, and there will be permanent scarring there from the stab wounds.

"Is she...." Katrina cried lightly as she began to ask her question.

"A brave little girl, she will be fine, she's resting now, but you can go see her." The doctor told her. Grace was held in the intensive care unit, and was at the brink of being on life support, but she was breathing on her own just fine. Katrina stepped into the room, and approached Grace slowly. She sat next to the hospital bed where Grace lie, and she took the child's hand and rubbed it.

"Doctors said that you are going to be fine".... She paused as she looked around the room, to finally find her eyes at the doorway to see a stranger standing there. "Who are you"? Katrina seemed to get her shit in a knot as she spoke in a protective tone.

"No need to be alarmed, I am a social worker, and was informed of the situation. I am here to let you know that Grace will have to come with me once she is well enough to go to a shelter to wait to be adopted. " The male social worker told Katrina.

Katrina narrowed her eyes darkly as she stood up, and wandered over to him, to discover another social worker standing on the outside of the doorway slightly in the hallway. The male social worker was a black male, tall, and handsome wearing a brown

business suit and his partner who was a tanned female that wore a greenish/grey dress with heels to match. Katrina faced the male social worker pursing her lips. "Oh like hell she is going with you people... Do you think I am stupid"? She hissed.

"Ma'am those are the rules" He stated.

"No, I was granted sole custody to any surviving children if anything where to happen to the parents, because they look at me like family, because they don't have family here in this country." Katrina informed them.

"We don't know that yet ma'am, as we must follow procedures" The female worker spoke up.

Katrina narrowed her eyes upon the two of them studying them. "I am taking her, and that is that".

"We will see you in court Miss....." The black social worker paused not knowing her name.

"The name is Katrina..." She hissed between teeth.

"Katrina".... He finished, and then turned away.

Katrina watched the two social workers take their leave. She rushed back over to the chair next to the hospital bed where Grace was, and rubbed the child's hand and brought it to her cheek. "I won't let them take you away; your mother and father told me they will have it in writing that if anything where to happen to them, you kids will belong under my custody..." She whispered.

Just as she said this, Grace's eyes opened weakly, and she turned her head to look at her minder.

"Nanny"! She smiled lovingly with weak expression.

Katrina looked at her tears falling from her eyes. "Hi baby... Hi..." She whispered as she placed a hand on Grace's head and ran her fingers through her hair.

The child started crying... "Mommy, daddy, Alex, and Sam....."

"Shhhhhh... I know sweetie, I know." Katrina took her hand away from the child, and brought her fingers to her mouth and cried.

"Please don't let those bad people get me" Grace told her.

"I won't let anything happen to you sweetie" Katrina told her as she brought herself into the child, and held her gently.

It was a week later, and Katrina faced the judge within the courtroom. One of the social workers interrogated Katrina asking her the 101 question game. Katrina answered swiftly and as professionally as possible, and keeping her composure polite and neat. Grace sat with one of the workers, and watched patiently as she watched her nanny fight for custody of her.

"Do you believe you have what it takes to be a full time parent or guardian, Katrina"? One of the lawyers questioned.

"Yes, I do, as I have been working for the family for 7 years."

"So you became part of the family..."? The Lawyer stated.

"Yes, because the closest relative that Grace has is in Austria, and that would be her Uncle Joey". Katrina informed them.

"If you took custody of the child, how would you care for her"?

"Objection your Honour"! Katrina's lawyer stood up and yelled.

"Over ruled" The Judge stipulated.

"Answer the question Katrina" The Lawyer pressed seeing that Katrina's eyes fell upon Grace who looked nervous as she picked at her fingernails in her seat. Katrina offered a smile to the child.

"Like I said, I have been taking care of the three children for 7 years, and have often been with them for a few weeks at a time on my own. I hold another job, so I will be able to support this child." Katrina answered.

"Do you honestly think Grace will accept you being her guardian or new parent"? The lawyer pressed.

"Your honour, what kind of question is this?" Katrina snapped.

"Answer the question Katrina" The Judge told her.

"Very well your Honour... Yes I do believe Grace will want me to look after her, because I am all that she has."

"Do you even have it in written proof that you will be the sole caretaker of this child"? The lawyer spoke.

"No. I do not, but Franks Lawyer does have the documents."

"I have no further questions your Honour"

The Judge nodded. Katrina narrowed her eyes as she watched the lawyer go back to his bench and sit down then taking a sip of his water. Her eyes turned away as the Lawyer's eyes met her eyes. Grace trembled in her seat afraid. Katrina could see this, and her heart felt as though it was shattering, as she stood up to go back to her seat and sit next to her lawyer. She sat in her bench, and looked over her shoulders back at the child. She had no written proof, to hold the child as her own. All she knew was that Frank's Lawyer had the documents. However she was absent that morning.

Katrina blew a kiss at Grace. Grace opened her hand and caught it, and brought her hand to her chest to place the kiss in her heart, then blew one back at Katrina. Katrina caught it, and slowly rose her hand to her chest and placed the kiss in her heart also, then turned away to look at the judge.

"This does not look good for you Katrina" her lawyer whispered.

"I know that. What am I supposed to do at this point?" Katrina asked.

"She will have to go to the shelter until Frank's Lawyer can provide the proper documentation, unless she gets adopted before that time." Katrina's Lawyer told her.

"Adopted?!?! I thought you were on my side." Katrina whispered back in a weep.

"I am. I will try and postpone any adoption procedures while she is at the shelter" Katrina's Lawyer told her.

Katrina sighed heavily her heart pounding as she looked at the Judge who was observing the courtroom before making his ruling.

"I hereby grant custody to the Child Protection Services, until further notice. The Court is adjourned."

"No..... Katrina!!!" Grace screamed and cried as the two social workers went to grab the child to take her with them. Katrina stood up appalled, and extremely upset, as all she could do was watch in horror.

"Grace"... She whispered.

Both Grace and Katrina walked toward one another, and held each other tightly.

"You promised... You promised nanny, you promised.... " Grace cried as she cried into Katrina's chest.

Katrina held her tightly careful of the stitching. "I know baby, I know... It's only for a few days okay?" Katrina coaxed.

"But I want to be with you!"

"I know darling, but it cannot happen yet. I'm sorry. "

"Whhhhyyyyyyyyyyy?"

"I promise you will be with me, I promise okay, I just have to get daddy's paper that says I can keep you."

Grace sniffled hard, as she felt an arm at her arm to pull her away from Katrina.
"Nanny.....!" She cried. Katrina stood up, not fighting to hold her as she knew if she did; it would damage her chances of getting the child in her custody. Screaming and kicking the child ignored the pain in her back. "Nanny Katrina.....!" Her voice trailed off as the social workers took her away leaving Katrina sobbing. She looked over her shoulders at the judge seeing he watched this, and coldly turned away from Katrina as she looked at him.

Katrina turned away and stood in the aisle, feeling a hand upon her shoulders. It was her lawyer trying to comfort her; Katrina didn't fight her off of her, but only stood there heartbroken and defeated by a poor justice system.

Days have gone by, and Katrina had heard from detectives as they called her to let her know that they were going to be meeting with her over her house. Katrina complied and met with detectives to discuss their findings. Katrina opened the door of her home, and invited two male detectives inside. The detectives nosed around for a few moments before sitting in the living room. "Would you guys care for a coffee"? Katrina asked.

"No we're good thanks" One of the detectives spoke. "I am detective John, and this is Detective Dwayne. She shook both detectives' hands and sat across from them in a recliner.

"So what have you found"? She asked.

"That's the good news. We have all three men in custody " Wayne said as he pulled out a picture from his undercoat and showed her the picture of the three men who murdered Grace's family. Katrina looked at the picture and handed it back to Wayne.

"It turns out that Ella and Frank were involved with some very bad people. 'John spoke up.

"Such as, The Mafia"? Katrina asked raising a brow.

"Exactly." Frank owed them a hell of a lot of money, and was threatened the lives of him and his entire family. Obviously these guys were not joking." Wayne spoke.

Katrina held her fingers to her lips, and curled up into the recliner bringing up her feet from the floor.

"Turns out they plotted to go after you too, but we got them in time. " Wayne continued.

"Did they know about Grace?" Katrina asked.

"No I don't think so". John told her.

A sigh fell from Katrina. "I'm so glad you put them away... "

John nodded "So are we".

"So what now?" Katrina asked.

"There will be trial, and the judge wants Grace to testify" John told her.

"But what about"... Katrina began.

"Don't worry, no one can hurt Grace anymore, but we are asking for you to be there to support the child. " Wayne informed her.

"Of course I will be there. I love that girl. I loved the whole family like my own". Katrina told them.

"Good" Wayne said.

"The trial is two days after your court date for custody of the child. " Wayne informed.

"What? That soon?!" Katrina almost jumped out of her seat".

Both nodded.

"Oh boy, poor Grace..." Katrina said in low tone looking away toward her fireplace.

"We know...." John said.

Both detectives stood up and shook her hand once more, then thanked her for her cooperation; then took their leave. Katrina was shocked to the tits, that Frank and Ella would ever be involved with such people, and she had no knowledge of it; after all these years either. Katrina walked both detectives to the door, and waved goodbye as she stood at the door, and watched them depart from her parking lot. She backed away, and slowly closed the door and locked it.

Another week went by, and Katrina faced the judge once more; this time Frank's lawyer sat with Katrina's lawyer holding the documents in her hands. Again Katrina was

pounded with questioning, the same bloody questions she was asked the previous week. Grace by now was almost healed up, watched from her bench. She was well dressed wearing a pretty blue dress and wore blue ribbons in her hair. Katrina blew her kisses at the child and Grace replied with the same kiss blowing, and putting it to their hearts ritual.

Katrina left the stand, and went to sit next to Frank's Lawyer which was now her lawyer along with her original lawyer. Frank's lawyer took the stand and answered several questions thrown at her about the documents and letting Katrina have custody of Grace. She answered promptly and provided the documents. Time seemed to slow down at this point as Katrina crossed her fingers. The lawyer stepped down from the stand, and walked back to where Katrina was sitting and sat next to her. Katrina looked at the lawyer, having a good feeling about this. Frank's lawyer was known to be one of the best in town.

Moments later the judge looked around the room and appointed custody to Katrina. Katrina was so happy she almost ran to the back of the courtroom and picked Grace up carefully, and hugged her. "Thank you" she mouthed to Frank's lawyer as well as her own lawyer. Both lawyers smiled as they watched the reunion between nanny and child.

The night while Katrina tucked in Grace for the night she told Grace what was to happen in the following two days. Grace started crying. "No no, sweetie, don't cry" Katrina soothed her. "No one is going to hurt you, I promise. There will be lots of policemen and police women there to protect you okay"? Katrina hated telling poor Grace that she had to face the three men at the trial. "Will you be there"? Her voice squeaked.

"Yes I will be there, so if any of them try to hurt you, I will take my nanny super powers and beat them all up, okay"? ... Katrina tickled Grace, Grace laughed, and then her expression grew serious.

"Can I call you mommy from now on"? Grace asked her.

Katrina's heart melted as she felt butterflies in the pit of her gut. "Grace Darling, you can call me anything you like" She leaned down to kiss her forehead for a goodnight kiss.

"Goodnight mommy"...

"Goodnight Grace. Sleep well. No bad dreams okay? " She told the child. Grace nodded.

Two days have passed and it was time to face the three men in court. It was a different Judge this time. Katrina watched Grace take the stand, Grace trembling as she looked at the three men. A lawyer asked Grace a bunch of questions such as her age, her name, and who she lived with, then asked her the serious questions.

"Can you point out the three men who killed your mommy, daddy and two brothers" Grace pointed to each man in silence. She was being brave, and Katrina was proud of her for it.

"I see"... The lawyer began, as he paced back and forth then stopped to look at the child. "Can you remember what happened that night Grace? Can you tell me in detail?"

"Objection!" A female lawyer yelled out.

"Overruled... Go ahead" The Judge pointed at the lawyer questioning the child.

The lawyer looked at Grace who had a confused look on her face and started to breath heavily. She was scared.

"Objection your honour, the child is scared..." The same female lawyer yelled out.

The Judge looked at her. "Overruled... Please take your seat madam"...

Grace trembled as her eyes scanned the room for Katrina. Katrina tightly held her lips together and nervously swallowed then nodded to Grace. Grace looked to the male lawyer.

"I was going upstairs to get ready for bed, and I heard the doorbell ring. Mommy answered it, and was punched in the face. I ran into my room and screamed. My brothers heard me scream and came out to see what was happening. One of the men came up the stairs and grabbed Sam and threw him onto his bed. I ran downstairs but the brown haired man grabbed me, and held onto me. I heard a gunshot upstairs, and I heard Alex scream. I started crying some more when I saw the bald man grab daddy and throw him onto one of the chairs from the dining room table. He told my mommy to sit on the couch as he put a brown sack over daddy's head. The only thing I remember him saying was where is my money, over and over again. Daddy struggled in the bag as the man tied a rope around his neck, and pulled at him. Daddy was choking, and mommy was screaming for him to stop. I could now hear Alex screaming with the bath water running upstairs. I started screaming, and was biting at the man's arms, the one who was holding me, as I could hear Alex choking and screaming in pain. The water stopped and so did my Alex's screams. The man held me tighter, as Mommy tried to fight the man in the living room. I saw the man who killed my brothers walking down the stairs, and into the living room. The man who walked down the stairs looked at me, and said that this is what we get when we can't keep our promises. Then he took a big knife from one of his boots, and cut mommy's throat, then took the knife and stabbed her many times. I cried out struggling to get free from the man holding onto me. Daddy was still alive and was moving his head back and forth in the brown bag, and was mumbling, saying that he had the money, but the man who killed mommy told daddy that it was too late. He choked daddy and then the other man took a gun and shot him in the back of the head. I felt something sharp stab me in the back, and all I remember was that I went down. It felt like hot punches going through my body."...

Grace told them sobbing the whole time, her words almost incoherent as she spoke. The lawyer looked toward the three men who grinned at him. Pacing back and forth while listening to the child's story, he had his hands behind his back, and stopped to look up at Grace.

"When you woke up, do you remember seeing your nanny?" Grace sat there and thought for a moment.

"I think so, but I also thought she was one of God's angels to take me to heaven." She told them.

Katrina listened in the back of the room, tears falling from her eyes. "I woke up in the hospital later on" Grace added as she spotted Katrina sobbing in some tissue.

Grace looked back to the lawyer. "No further questions your honour" The lawyer looked to the child who was sobbing. The Judge handed her some Kleenex. The female lawyer stood up and walked toward the stand to ask Grace a few questions of her own. Grace answered the best she could.

"Grace, did you ever see these men before the incident at your home"?

She nodded. "Only the bald one. I never knew his name, so I used to call him baldy". Grace told her. The female lawyer looked toward the bald mafia man.

"So you never seen the other two before"?

"No" ... Grace whimpered.

"Do you remember why your daddy owned money, and how much"?

Grace shook her head. "I only heard mommy and daddy fighting a lot about money and what they were going to do, nothing else". Grace told her.

"No further questions your honour" The lawyer spoke.

"Grace you may step down" The Judge told her. Grace swiftly got off the stand and stared at the three men who glared at her.

The leader of the trio was called upon the stand. He raised his hand to make oath, just like Grace had, while the other hand was on the bible. The female lawyer was called up again to question him. His story matched Grace's, and he told them that Frank and Ella owed him half a million dollars for a loan that was offered to him to buy the house that they were living in. He explained that he was a generous man and was offering to help Frank out when in need, because they were close friends since childhood, and that he loaned him the cash. He gave Frank two years to pay it off, and

when the time came to pay what he owed which was now one hundred thousand dollars, he and his family was killed due to the fact of not having all of it at hand.

Grace sobbed as he told the story; the man was called off the stand for the verdict of all three men. Katrina crossed her fingers that they got life, or the death penalty. The judge observed the silent courtroom then looked to the three men, then over to Grace, then back at the three men. "I hereby sentence the three of you the death penalty by lethal injection ordered by the State of Florida. Death date undetermined at this time....." He slammed down his gavel and stepped up. Six police officers took custody of the three men, two policemen to one man. Grace watched the police escort the three men to the front right side of the courtroom through a doorway. Katrina huddled over to Grace and held her.

"You did it kiddo..." She kissed the back of her head. The sounds of shuffling and talking could be heard in the background throughout the courtroom as each person took their leave. Katrina waited for everyone else to be gone before she and Grace departed from the room.

Katrina drove her car, with Grace in the front seat. She smiled over at her new child; Grace looked up lovingly to her new mother. "To new beginnings". Katrina spoke in loving tone.

"New beginnings". Grace agreed, and leaned into Katrina as she drove them home.....

Grocery Store Massacre

The sun was already scorching hot at 7:00am, in the city of Los Angeles, with the temperature reaching its late 20's and was due to be at least 38 that day. Six men dressed in black with machine guns, ran into a grocery store, the lead male had long black curly hair, tied back into a pony tail, bore a goatee, and was well built, his name was James. Two of the first followers were bald as fuck, and you'd swear you could see your reflection upon their heads, as they shone under the sun; their names were Cody and Taylor. The fourth man had long blond hair, clean shaved, and striking brown eyes, his name was Derrick. The last two men had short brown hair, one shorter than the other into a buzz cut, both men short and stocky, but well built like their leader; their names were Brad, and Don.

All six pushed through the doors of the 24/7 grocery store, and spotted a small group of people shopping. "Nobody fucking move"! James yelled as he pointed his machine gun at the ceiling and fired a few rounds. Screams emitted throughout the store as rounds were fired. "Guard the fucking doors"! James ordered to Brad and Don, who willingly complied with his orders.

James signalled for the other three to look around, and they went separate ways throughout the store. James looked to a young lady who was trembling on the ground a few hundred feet away from him, as she laid face down, her hands upon her head; she wore a grey business dress suit. "You, pretty brunette in the grey business dress." He barked.

She looked up trembling in fear. "Yeah you. Get up." He told her.

Slowly with shaking hands, she crawled to her hands and knees, and slowly got up to a full stand. The two guards at the door snickered. "Both of you shut the fuck up"

James yelled, and heard no more laughter. Shaking like a leaf in the wind, the lady walked toward him. "Yeah that's it, come to me" He coaxed. The woman crossed her arms across her chest, weeping, tears streaming down her face she turned cheek to look around the store to see about ten or more people laying on the ground watching. "Faster"! James screamed, as he stomped his foot to the ground. A whimper fell from the lady's mouth, as she jogged toward him. James pointed the machine gun at the woman's skull, and looked to the three cashiers behind the check outs. It was a small grocery store, and family owned, so it wasn't too big for anyone to 'mysteriously get lost in it'.

His eyes scanned the cashiers, his machine gun still pointing at the head of the pretty brunette, he grabbed her close to him, listening to her weeps of fear satisfied him; he kissed the back of her head pulled his face away, and fired the gun blowing her skull into bits and pieces, her brains splattered all over him, and around him. Horrified screams filled the air, as the brunette fell to her instant death, and hit the ground. James spit on the body, and stepped over her. "We are going to do things my way, and if no one likes it, then that's just too fucking bad"! He hissed between clenched teeth. Two men attempted to run out the door, two Hispanic men who barely spoke a word of English, obviously didn't see the two men at the door, and stopped swiftly as Brad and Don grinned at them.

One Hispanic man fell on his ass as he tried to skid for a stop. The other male almost collided into him, but caught himself. James watched. "Well look at this; two wetbacks trying to make a run for it. " He sneered. He pointed his gun at them. "Get the fuck away from the door." James ordered. Brad and Don had their guns facing the two Spanish men with shit eating grins upon their faces. The two men ran back to their original positions, and lay back onto the ground with their hands upon the back of their heads.

James watched them run back and comply with his orders, as he walked toward the three cashiers. The three of James's foot soldiers came back and grabbed a few shopping carts. "That's right, go shopping boys" James smirked. He looked at the cashiers. "We are going to shop, and shop for free, also I want all the cash in your register, so open up" He started out with a stoical expression, but with sweet tone, then pointed his machine gun at their chests. He offered a toothy grin, and waited.

The first clerk shakily started to open the register, but the second clerk stopped her by grabbing her hands, speaking to her in Mexican. "In English you fuck!" James yelled as he grew impatient getting ready to blow the two apart. The third lady opened her register and offered a two hundred dollars sitting in it. James walked over and peered inside. "That's it"? He asked.

Don spoke from the front doors. "Well you didn't really pick a bank to rob..."

James sneered without looking at him. "Shut up"!

Don smirked and looked away, looking to his partner in crime and rolled his eyes. James grabbed a plastic bag from the counter, and shoved the money inside. The second Mexican lady went for James's arms, to try and stop him from taking the cash. "You stupid cunt"! James yelled and cocked the gun, and drove a few bullets into her

chest, forcing her back into the first Mexican lady. Screams and cries heard from the all of the shoppers carried throughout the store. This guy was serious, he was not joking. Choking until she drowned in her own blood and died, it turned out the feisty Mexican was the store's manager. They had no panic button to call the police, for help, something they should have thought of having in the past, but didn't. The first Mexican looked at him and opened the register, and handed him a few hundred dollars, and stuffed the money in the plastic bag. "Good, good." He commented.

He looked to the other Mexican who was trembling and cornered herself into the corner of the cubic check out. "What's the matter sweetheart? You don't need to be afraid of me, I like you" He smiled. He slowly reached out his hand to touch her face. She spit at him, her saliva reaching his eyes. He wiped it away with his shirt. "Playing hard to get are we"?

"Leave her alone"! The first Mexican spoke, her eyes narrowed in anger.

"Or what Maria?" James threatened as he pushed away from the other lady and pointed the gun at the first lady looking at her name tag. She trembled. "Nothing" She spoke with reluctance.

"That's what I thought you stupid bitch"! He scolded.

He pulled Maria who was now huddled into the corner slowly going down into a sit down position crying. He pulled her up by the arm, and almost dragged her toward the front of the store. He threw her toward Brad and Don. "Keep her with you; I plan on having some fun with her later on." Both guards held onto her, and she struggled lightly, but was knocked out with getting hit in the back of the skull with Don's machine gun. James sneered. He looked to the last cashier standing. "Now where were we"? He asked.

She only stood there and bawled her eyes out, as she looked to the dead body of her superior. "Get me a few cartons of those cigarettes" he pointed with his gun. Slowly the cashier got up to her feet, and did as she was told. Shakily she grabbed a bunch of cartons and threw them at him. "Don't just throw them at me you fucking whore"! He stated grinding his teeth, then grabbed her by the hair, and threw her to the ground. "Pick those up"! She scrambled to pick up the cartons of cigarettes, but a foot at the small of her back, pushed her face down onto the ground. She tried to get back up, but the foot stayed there.

"Execute her for her stupidity"! A voice spoke with low tone from behind James. James turned to see one of his foot soldiers and grinned at him, it was Cody.

"No. Not yet. I want to play for a little while." He told Cody. Cody smiled.

"Can I fuck her"?

James sneered and looked down at the helpless Mexican beauty. "Do as you wish with her". He kicked at her, but she rolled away, only feeling the skid of his foot

lightly tapping her as he missed. She slowly started to get back up, but Cody grabbed her by the arm, and forced her to stand up quickly.

"Got a name sweetheart"? Cody asked.

"Bella" Her voice trembled.

"Bella is a pretty name" Cody commented. "Come baby, let's go have some fun." He added. Bella was dragged away by Cody into the back room of the store, where Cody raped her, and shot her in the back of the head when he was finished with her.

Disappointed that he never got to have fun with her, James watched the store looking around to see who was going to be his next victim. "You"! He pointed as he spotted an Asian man looking at him from the ground, his one hand covering his head. "Get up"! He ordered the Asian man. The man got up, and stood there, knowing he was next to die. Trembling his hands were held low, and shaking as if to go into a frantic panic. James laughed at him. "Take down your pants!" He ordered. The Asian shook his head. "Do it!"

The Asian reluctantly did as he was told to do, and undid his pants, then let them fall to his ankles. "Now your boxers"...

"Are you going to fuck me?" The Asian asked.

"What do you think I am; a fucking faggot?!" James yelled, "Just get them off now!"

The Asian did as he was told once more and let his boxers fall to his ankles, and stood half naked in front of James. "It's true"! James exclaimed. "It's so fucking true... Hey Taylor get your ass over here. You were right..." James waved for Taylor to come see. Taylor jumped to James' words. Taylor slapped a hand on James' left shoulder and laughed.

"See what did I tell you? Asian cock is small"! The Asian covered himself, it was just a stereotype, and not all Asian penis were small. James knew this very well, but decided to pick on the poor man anyway.

"Get your hands off that"! James sneered. Taylor went off laughing.

Derrick came over to have a look as he stood at the side of the Asian man, and pointed his gun at his penis. "Maybe I shall blow it off huh"?

James nodded.

The Asian cried out and shook his head. "No, no, noooooooooooooooooooooo!"

Derrick pulled the trigger and fired a few rounds at the Asian, starting at his penis, and working his way upward, then kicking him to the ground to fall to his death.

Derrick high fived James. "Who the fuck is next"! Derrick yelled looking around the room. "You!" He pointed at another man; it was one of the Spanish men who tried to get away before. The Spanish man got up, and went running toward the back of the store. Derrick fired a few rounds, but missed him, only hitting a few cans of beans and other canned vegetables.

Derrick stepped on top of the Asian's corpse, and walked after the Spanish man hunting him down. "You can run but you can't hide motherfucker"!

He sneered as he slowly stepped after him. Another man was watching, and crawled away behind a counter to safety, where he could be unseen. He seemed to have gone undetected the entire time. The Caucasian moved smoothly, looking up at the mirrors to watch the movement of Derrick throughout the store. His eyes met another man's, he was a black business man, then looked back to the mirrors. The black man was sending a text for help texting his wife to call the police; he had the text and ring tone on silent, a smart move. [[I'm at Mexicana's grocery store; we are being robbed, held captive and murdered one by one. Call police now]] was the text, and placed the cell phone back into his pocket. He moved with the Caucasian swiftly and silently as both seemed to have gone unnoticed. "Hi I'm Greg; let's work together to see if we can escape or at least take one of these assholes out"

"I'm Trevor" The black man whispered back. "I will work with you; I really don't want to die"

"Me either buddy, but we are outnumbered, we need to think of something and something soon, before we get discovered". Greg told him.

Greg spotted a Caucasian woman not too far away from them she was watching them, and the other people in the store, she could see the other Spanish man, a nerdy guy with glasses, and a few other people trembling on the floor. She also seemed to have gone undisclosed as well. She watched the mirrors and crawled over to the two men, she was muscular for a female; and it was tell tale she was body builder, so she would not only have brains but brawn as well.

"Count me in too" The red head spoke as she looked at the two gentlemen, crawling up next to Trevor. "I'm Cassie".

"Hi Cassie" Trevor said. "I'm Trevor"

"Hello Trevor good to meet you" Cassie spoke gently.

" I'm Greg" He extended his hand to shake Cassie's hand. Cassie shook both male's hands

"Hi Greg nice to meet you"

"Nice to meet you too, man do you work out or something"? Greg flirted. She blushed, and nodded.

"Yeah nice arms" Trevor commented.

"Thanks guys...so what's the plan"? Cassie asked.

Trevor Looked to Greg, and Greg looked to Trevor, no one had anything yet, Cassie frowned, looking to Trevor. Trevor obviously was voted as leader between the two. "I will round myself to where the gun man went to chase off the Spanish man. Cassie you will follow me, since you got more brawn this Greg here"

"Hey"! Greg whispered taking light offense.

"Sorry brother, but it's true." Trevor explained. Greg frowned saying nothing.

"You and I will take on that gun man. Have you ever used a gun before"? Trevor asked Cassie.

Cassie nodded. "Of course, have you"?

Trevor frowned. "No, that's why I asked you, seeing you're well built and shit, I just assumed you have.

"Lucky guess hon.". She flirted.

"Thanks" Trevor commented.

"Hey what about me guys"? Greg asked looking between the two.

"You distract those guys." Cassie told him.

"How"? Greg asked.

"I don't know, just grab a can and throw it or something" She added.

"Okay, I will grab a few make the walk away so you guys can make a break for it." Greg told them.

"Excellent". Trevor commented.

Greg reached for a can of green beans, and looked at it, studying the labels on it before looking to the mirrors to see if anyone was looking in their direction, but the gunmen where too distracted beating up, and harassing other people to take notice. Greg shot upward, and threw a can as far as he could to force James to walk toward the other end of the store, and between the aisles. It worked. The two gun men at the door

watched James, and the other two followed him. James silently signalled for Taylor and Cody to check the aisles next to him, and the backs of them while he took the middle aisle. "Go, go, go"! Greg whispered pushing Cassie out first. Cassie and Trevor took flight as silently as possible, and followed the mirrors seeing the scared Hispanic man hiding in a freezer. Cassie smiled to him as she passed him, then looked up to the mirrors and signalled for Trevor to go the opposite aisle as she, so that she could round themselves two on one, it was risky, and they hoped that it worked.

Trevor was first to reach Derrick who was still hunting for the Hispanic man. Trevor grabbed a sack of potatoes, and reared up to hit him in the face upon meeting. Derrick spotted him in the mirror, and met him pointing his gun at the belly of Trevor. Cassie made it just in time behind Derrick, and grabbed two cans, and smashed his head in with both cans two times to force the man down. It was silent, and swift. Trevor knocked the sack of potatoes upon the head of Derrick as he went down. "Fucking brilliant " Trevor whispered. Cassie grinned, as she watched the sack of potatoes assault Derrick with one blow. It forced Derrick's machine gun from his hand, and Trevor kicked it toward Cassie. Cassie picked up the machine gun, and held it against the head of Derrick. Derrick raised his hands slowly, and submitted. Trevor nodded a signal for him to blow his head clean off. Cassie complied, and pumped a few rounds into Derrick's skull. Derrick was now dead, one down 5 more to go. Greg watched the execution take place in the mirror shocked to see the woman actually killed him. He covered his mouth.

"Oh what the fuck"! Don yelled as he spotted the action in the mirror.

"Shhhhhit"! Trevor spoke in low tone...

Cassie ran to the back of the aisle and into another one, she watched the mirrors on the ceiling, and took cover as bullets flung to her direction. She fired back. She could see James coming in another direction rounding himself from behind, and Greg saw it too. He threw a few cans at his direction, a few landing just behind him, forcing James to fire a few rounds at nothing, but another aisle, hitting the cereal section. He was pissed off, now, and ran toward Cassie. Cassie was gone, and out of the spot he saw her in. She went into a freezer, and just as James was about to pass her, she greeted him with a hard blow to the face, knocking him over with the freezer door. Trevor came up from behind and threw a shopping cart at his head, hitting him with the wheels.

James got up, and ran after Trevor, leaving Cassie to fire a few rounds toward him, but missing him with each shot. "Come on"! She yelled!

Everyone in the store was frozen in fear, heads face down, with their hands on their heads, a few curious watching the massacre take place. Greg threw another can toward Cody, but was caught by Don who left the front door with Brad still guarding it. Greg slowly turned to face Don, and only looked into the thin barrel of the machine gun before getting his face blown right off. Loud sharp sounds of the gun going off indicated that Greg was now dead with his brains splattered all over the place.

"Fuck"! Trevor yelled as he ran out into the wide open seeing he was being ambushed.

Three of the gunmen fired rounds into him making him dance wildly with open arms, and falling on top of a fruit stand. As three of the men fired at Trevor, Cassie got Don, killing him from her angle, and scooted away.

"Son of a bitch! Someone get that whore!"

Maria kicked at the foot of Brad and ran off; Brad fired a few rounds at her missing her as she ran into an aisle for cover. There were still four more men to hunt down and kill. Now it was just a game of cat and mouse. Cassie knew what she was doing, as not only she was a body builder, but also had Military training to back her up. Her feet pranced lightly across the floor to make little sound, as she came up from behind Cody, and blew the back of his skull out. "Fuck fuck fuck!" James screamed... "Who is this fucking cunt!" He added. "Come on sweetheart give it up, you got three on one... James coaxed.

"Well I took out the first three, and I will take the rest of you out!" Cassie protested as she sat on the floor checking to see how many bullets were left in it. There was far more than enough to kill all three cocksuckers with. Cassie looked up into the mirror, and could see police cruisers beginning to surround the front of the store. Trevor's wife did well by calling the police from Trevor's text message.

She smiled coyly. "Give it up, the building is surrounded". She warned.

"Fuck what are going to do"! Brad yelled as he took cover from the police beginning to get out of their cruisers.

"Stay calm" James yelled from the back of the store. Maria was the bold one to break free from the store, as she went through the doors, as Brad took cover. "Shhhhit"! Brad whispered.

Maria was greeted by several of the police. Once others saw that Maria made it for safety, others started to get up from the floor of the grocery store, and made their way toward the door. James pumped a few rounds in each person who went for the door. "We have you surrounded, so come out with your hands up!" One of the policemen yelled. No one was moving, there were four shoppers still alive, looking around crying, and wondering if they too were going to die.

Meanwhile several of the SWAT team was landing on the rooftop of the store, to break in through the ceiling, and a few at the back door of the store. There was a lock on the door from the inside, and it made it not possible for anyone to escape the building when due to time of unlocking the door, opening it, and going through it. Cassie heard a kick at the door and moved away toward the freezer section one more, where she saw the two Spanish men reunite.

There was the nerdy man with glasses who was still pressed onto the floor, doing as told the entire time, and not saying or doing anything; along with three others who

were still pressed on the floor. The SWAT team kicked down the door, their guns pointed, along with carrying their shields with them, yelling at Cassie to drop her weapon. Several others followed inside, as a few broke through the roof hunting down James and his two men. James went to fire a few rounds at the SWAT but was killed instantly as 10 officers fired at him. Screams filled the air; Brad fired a few rounds killing two of the officers. Cassie dropped her gun, and raised her hands slowly to her head, but was left alone. She picked up her gun once more, and darted in and out of the aisles until she met Taylor. She smiled at him. Taylor swallowed hard. "Help me" He pleaded.

Cassie shook her head and slowly raised the gun to him, as she saw he raised his gun at her for saying no to him. She pumped several lead into him and from behind her the SWAT pointed their guns at her ordering her to drop the weapon. She complied, and was cuffed and thrown to the ground by three officers, then lead outside. Brad killed another officer, but found himself getting ripped apart by bullets from behind as more officers flooded the place and rushed in through the front. It was a bloody massacre, one by one innocent people taken out, and then the bad guys. The few that were still alive ran out the door passing the SWAT team. The SWAT was looking around to see if there were more outlaws that needed to be taken down, but the store was just an empty crypt of dead bodies everywhere.

Cassie was dragged into a police unit and questioned. Cassie kicked and fought, pleading innocence and trying to keep who was left alive. Maria vouched for her, saying that Cassie was there to help, not to hurt. But the Caucasian was still being charged for murder, and was going to be put on death row.... So much for helping out the innocent.....

The Abductor

The motel room was dark but clean as Amy was rushed inside with a hand pushing her toward the bed, and hearing the door slam shut behind her. She turned around and looked to her captor the 17 year old blond with green eyes was obviously frightened shitless; her eyes scanned the room as she brought arms up to her small busted chest. She wore a grey hooded sweater with a smiley face on the front of the shirt, and a pair of blue jeans, and black sneakers. She was still in shock from the man hijacking her mother's car while her mother was taking her to school that morning; throwing her mother out onto the street, and keeping Amy as his prisoner.

The man closing the door behind himself held a gun in his hand; he glanced at Amy who stood there shivering in fright. He peered out through the curtain slowly moving it with his gun, and looking out, making sure no police followed them. He then turned to Amy and pointed his gun at her seeing her standing there trembling. Amy's eyes grew wide, but realized he wasn't going to shoot her and was only playing psychological games with her. "Get onto the bed." He sneered with cold tone.

Amy did as told, slowly crawling backward up the bed, until her back hit the headboard, her eyes focused on the weapon pointing her direction. She looked into his eyes; he was a tall muscular handsome bald man with light greyish eyes. He wore all black, dressed up like a professional. "What are you, like a hit man or something?" The 17 year old girl asked.

"Shut up!" He demanded as he looked out the window once again, to see if anyone had arrived after them, but the lot was still empty of police.

Amy frowned at him, her eyes looking him over, he was young, and had to have been in his mid 20's. "If you're going to shoot me, why don't you just fucking do it!" She sneered as she grew braver by the moment. He turned away from the window and looked at her a smirk spread across his face. "Like seriously dude, what do you want from me?" She asked, looking at him as he lowered his gun and placed it into a holster attached to him.

"I said shut up." He reminded her in low tone.

A snort fell from Amy's lips as she crossed her arms across her chest once more and watched him pace around the room for several moments. Amy did nothing but look at him, then her eyes went to the TV, and she grabbed the remote to turn the TV on. It was as if she was growing cozy with him knowing he wasn't going to hurt her by now. The man jumped to the sound of the TV at full volume. "Turn that off!" He pointed at the TV as he sneered at her. Amy brimmed a brow at him.

"Well you seemed to be well entertained pacing back and forth within the room, so why can't I have my entertainment?" She snapped back.

The man grew impatient with her, reached for the remote, turned off the TV and whipped the remote across the room smashing it to pieces as it hit the wall. Amy jumped to the sound of the smashing, and looked up at him seeing him pack back and forth. "Can I just go home now?"

"No!"

"Well what the fuck do you want from me, you're not doing anything but being all nervous and shit, I thought kidnappers did stuff to their victims like tie them up, and pull their finger nails out one by one." She snapped loudly.

He growled at her then pounced onto the bed and landed on top of her, his hand covering her mouth, as he pressed all of his weight onto her. "Shut the fuck up, or I will hurt you". He pressed some more, Amy let out a submissive whimper not fighting him. He pressed even more to the point where she could not breathe. A squeak of pain emitted from Amy as she squint her eyes tightly shut. He let go, and got off of her and stood at the side of the bed. Amy wiped her mouth, as she sat back up eye balling him. She went to open her mouth to speak but he raised a hand at her to threaten a slap across the ear if she said anything else. She closed her mouth looking up at him, and sniffled.

He walked away from her and as soon as he was far enough away and looking out the window once again Amy spoke. "Well... That's more like it... Got to keep it rough you know" She chuckled nervously. Afraid he was going to belt her; she cringed as he turned to look at her.

"You're fucked up! "

"Why you say that?" She asked as she uncovered her face from her hands.

He said nothing and shook his head as he studied her. "I get off on it" she told him. "Now are you going to punish me"? She asked looking at him almost seductive eyes. She watched him slowly reach from his gun, but pulled away, narrowing his eyes at her in disbelief. He wasn't sure what to make of this, was she playing games with him, or was she really enjoying this?

"Well?" She asks.

He seemed to have been lost in words as he studied her carefully, she seemed serious. She looked to his hand seeing he wore a wedding band. "I see that you're married. What would your wife think?" She asked. He looked to his hand and held it behind his back. She watched him slightly grow ashamed.

"What's it to you?" He asked.

She smirked. "Kids?"

"No... Why are you asking me the questions, I'm the fucking kidnapper here, not you"! He reminded her of her position.

"You really suck at this, you know..." She told him.

He said nothing as he narrowed his expression at her.

" So what are your plans?" She asked. "I mean for me, are you going to summon up the balls to kill me or what?" She started. "You know I don't care what you do to me, because my home life sucks anyway, I'd rather you abduct me, than me ever going back there!" Amy revealed.

He looked at her with an odd expression. "Do they hurt you?" His voice was firm but he was interested to know her story. She nodded.

"Mom hits me, bitches and complains and treats me like shit, so if you're going to murder me, make it swift."

The man looked at her and scratched his head.

"Do you have a name?"

"Never you mind my name. " He snapped.

"I will tell you mine. I'm Amy." She told him.

He looked at her. "Didn't I tell you to keep quiet a few minutes ago?"

She wasn't afraid of him, she shrugged. "Yeah, but am I listening?" She smiled.

He shook his head and had a look of disappointment washed all over his face. It was true, he was a shitty kidnapper, but he didn't want to hurt her, he just wanted to hold her captive for awhile, and let her go eventually, or maybe ransom, but would the parents pay?

"Call me Jim."

It wasn't his real name but he gave her one. "How much do you think you're worth Amy"? He asked as he sat down onto one of the chairs at the round table by the door, and looked out the window once more to see if the coast was still clear. It was crystal clear; there was no one in sight, just parked cars. Amy looked at him with a confused expression.

"Are you going to sell me like a prostitute? Because if that's what you want, I can give it all up to you for free." She told him.

Jim slowly turned his skull away from the window, and looked at her with a disgruntled look. His bared his teeth, and one of his eye brows lowered while the other one raised. "What the fuck..." He started and just as he spoke, Amy was standing next to him. She placed her hand onto his shoulders. He shook his head, and pushed her off from him. "Get away from me!" He snapped and reached for his gun, and pointed it at her.

"Go ahead asshole, shoot me! You don't have the balls do you?!"

Amy fell backward and looked at him as she lay on her back with her legs raised as she caught her fall onto the bed. She watched him then looked at the gun, looking right down the barrel. She could see the bullet sitting there, waiting to be freed from its barrel, and to penetrate her skull. Her eyes danced from Jim to the gun, and from the gun back onto Jim. Her breathing was rapid, as she grew excited, her adrenaline pumping as he took off the safety, and heard the click. Her eyes looked into his knowing he just didn't have it in him. He swiftly turned away from the 17 year old beauty, and screamed in frustration his back facing her. He rubbed his fore head with his gun, and began pacing back and forth. "I'm holding you for ransom! I want 5 million dollars from your folks"! He told her.

"Or what?"

She asked seductively, her voice was an excited coo.

"Or what? I will kill you, that's what, end of story!" He told her.

Amy started laughing.

"You don't think I'm serious?" I want the money and I better get the money!" He told her.

"My mother wouldn't pay you even if you were the last scum of the earth"! Her soft expressions now turning into full out aggression. "She don't have that kind of money anyway, she's only a fucking bar tender"! She scolded.

A sneer fell from Jim.

"Why don't you just fucking kill me already Goddamn it! Or dump me off someplace far from here!" Amy told him.

Jim turned to face her seeing her eyes narrowed in anger. "I am not afraid of you Jim" She stood up at the side of the bed, and slowly walked over to him, until her nose was pressed onto his. They stood there eyeballing each other for a few minutes before she found her lips planted onto his lips. He pulled back, but another kiss made by her as she pulled forward into him; forced him into her, and he was enjoying her kissing him. He rubbed one side of her body with his gun, and brought it to the side of her skull as they kissed passionately. She grabbed at his arms gently coaxing him to follow her onto the bed as she walked backward. She sat herself onto the bed he was moaning in pleasure from her kissing him, his gun following her head; she didn't care as if she was struck high on drugs. She toyed with his black leather belt, and gripped it aggressively tugging at it. She undid the belt, and she took her delicate fingers snapped his button, and unzipped his fly. She went to reach in, but found his hands pulling her away. "I thought this was what you wanted." She whispered.

"Not yet."

He whispered back as he stepped back, and looked at her. Her beautiful eyes looking up at him his gun danced up and down her body, until he placed it back into its holster. He heard a car pull into the driveway of the motel, he did up his pants and buckled himself, as he looked out the window to see who it was. It was just another person checking into the motel. "I need to ditch your mother's car."

"Well duh"! Amy teased with a giggle as she sat onto the bed her hands behind her. "For a married man you seemed to have been enjoying my lips" She cooed lightly, as she started to shake her left leg. Jim didn't look at her as he observed the area outdoors. "Yeah"... His voice trailed off.

"I will be back." He told her as he swiftly pulled away from the window, and moved toward the door. He looked at her one last time. "Don't try anything!"

A giggle fell from her jaws. "No worries baby, I will be here waiting for you" She winked at him her leg still shaking stuck in a habit. He tisked at her and turned away to the door, opened it and stepped out. Amy got up from the bed and grabbed the remote from the floor, and put it back together and flicked on the TV. She pulled back onto the bed, and started taking off her clothes slowly as her eyes watched a music video. She wore a pair of hunter green panties, and the matching lace bra to go with the panties. Her body was well toned, and she bore a small six pack, that told the world that she worked out daily, and enjoyed looking after her body.

She only wore her bra and panties an half sat up on the bed flicking through the channels as she waited for him to return. It had to have been half an hour or more before he came back to discover her half naked on the bed. She turned her glance from the TV and onto him. He turned away swiftly as he closed the door. "Put our clothes back on"! He ordered. Amy got up from the bed seeing him still facing the door as it was closed. He put the deadbolt on, his face pressed into the door. He just didn't have the heart to kill her. She was this little gorgeous thing, and happened to be in the car when he hijacked the car throwing Amy's mother out the door, rolling onto the road, and taking flight himself seeing the young lady in the passenger's seat wide eyed, and open jawed.

Amy found her hands on Jim once more; she slowly caressed him, and began to kiss his neck. He closed his eyes as he wanted to pull away but didn't. His mind screamed at him, but his body did the opposite. His mind telling him that he was happily married man, but he followed suit in her seductive ties. He allowed her to fondle him, and then followed her lead, kissing her neck back, placing his hands down her panties. "Touch me with your gun"! She ordered in low tone. Ripping his hand away from her crotch, he reached for his gun in its holster, and caressed her body with it. Amy moaned as the gun reach to her crotch area. "Your other gun!" She whispered, as reached with her left hand to touch his groin. The hard on she felt with her hands, she felt with her back before she reached out to grab at him. She turned to face him, his eyes full of euphoric expression.

Amy smiled sweetly. "I want you to fuck me." She told him as she then suddenly pushed him onto the bed, and he seemed to luckily not drop his pistol, or fire it as he was startled from the fall, but the bed caught him. He placed his gun back into its holster, and half lay on the bed, as she sat on top of him and cradled him. She removed her bra, to reveal perfectly round B cup breasts, and pressed them into his face. "What your wife doesn't know won't hurt.... I bet she does this to other men too, because there's no such thing as monogamy these days." she spoke beyond her years as if she was well experienced. Jim said nothing and allowed her to touch and fondle him. Amy lost her virginity when she was 15, so she had a small amount of experience under her belt. She was told she gave the best blow jobs in high school, but that was from watching all sorts of porn learning every twist and turn trick, and learning how to use her tongue made any guy she sucked on go off in the matter of minutes.

She undid his pants again, with aggressive anticipation, often looking up at him, as he fell back onto his back, and he'd often arch his back to look at her looking at him. Amy pulled out his hard cock, and worked her magic. "Oh no you don't." She told him as she knew he was about to cum all over the place. She peeled off her panties, and kicked them to the floor. "I want to play a game." She told him. Jim looked at her.

"What kind of game?" He asked her.

"Who ever cums first dies." She told him as she straddled him, teasing him with her soft velvety flesh. Jim moaned almost losing control as he felt her vaginal lips on him. "I think you're going to be the one to lose" she giggled. He nodded in agreement not caring about anything else but cumming, his voice was a mumbled moan. Amy looked at him. "She doesn't fuck you often does she?"

Jim opened his eyes and looked at her "No, she fucks me all the time"! He grabbed her closer into him, and they both kissed tenderly, and she gave it a few minutes before she allowed him to penetrate her. Those moments felt like forever to Jim, and he was willing to just fuck her, but he knew she was ready when she pressed onto him, and he ripped through her like a bullet and began to make love to her. Amy moaned in pleasure along with Jim.

"You feel so fantastic." She whispered as she rode on top of him. He decided that he wanted to take control and threw her off of him, onto the bed, and told her to get onto her hands and knees.

She complied with his wishes and allowed him to finish off inside her. "I guess we both lose because I came when you did"! She chuckled as she threw herself onto her back when he was done with her. Jim walked to the bathroom; and grabbed a towel to wipe himself off, and threw the towel at Amy to clean herself up. "You loved my huge cock ramming up in you didn't you, you little slut." He commented.

"Yeah I did, you fuck well, and I bet your wife loves you for it, doesn't she?" She stood up, threw the towel toward the bathroom, but missed by a few feet.

She grabbed her hunter green bra and panties. Jim did up his pants and looked out the window. "Why do you keep looking out the fucking window, no one is coming to arrest you." Amy snapped as she threw a pillow at him and laughed. Jim darted downward as the pillow hit him right in the back of the skull. He looked at her, and threw the pillow back at her, her arms stretch outward with open hands to block the blow. She grabbed the pillow and threatened to throw it at him once more, but decided that was child's play, so she held onto it, looking at him. "So where is my mother's car?" Amy asked.

"Drove it into a lake nearby." He spoke his voice trailing off as he stood there looking at her, then looked out the window once more.

"You know you're in a heap of trouble right?" Amy mocked. Jim looked at her.

"I know".

" You hijacked my mother's car..."

"Mm hmm"

"You assaulted my mother and perhaps may be attempted murder with you throwing her out onto the road like that"

"Mm hmm" He mumbled

"You kidnapped me, and are holding me hostage, and also raped me..."

"What!?!"

"Yes you did..." She sat up, and got onto her knees to face him.

"I didn't fucking rape you, you wanted me to fuck you, you little whore, so I did!"

"Yeah well I'm not 18 yet, you fucking goof of a pedophile!" Amy screamed, and grabbed the pillow and threw it at him.

"How was I supposed to know, you look older, okay!" He protested.

"Doesn't matter, you also committed adultery which is a crime in our great state of Texas."

Jim was dumbfounded. "No one needs to know." He reminded her.

"And when they do, you will be serving almost life imprisonment, and if you do have the balls to finally kill me, and dump my body somewhere, then you will be getting lethal injection or the electric chair my dear." She mocked.

"How am I supposed to resist a pretty girl like you, half naked laying on the bed teasing me, and then getting on top of my lap to tease me even more, also taking my pants down and giving me head... You tell me!" Jim snapped as he reached for his gun.

"Oh blow me to hell you moron. You could have tied me up, and not only that you're so lucky I stayed here, because any other Sue, Jane, or Mary would have run off screaming looking for help. " Amy fought back. Jim pointed his gun at her and cocked the safety off. Amy faced the gun. "Go ahead Jim... blow me away. I have no use for this shit life anyway!"

"Bitch"! He scolded and slapped her across the face with the pistol. Amy went down fast and hard, her hand found its way onto the area of assault rubbing the sore spot. Groaning she got back onto her knees and looked at him as he sat onto the chair at the round table pointing the gun at her. "You fucking fuck!" She yelled.

"Shut up." He yelled back

"You shut up you piece of shit." She yelled louder.

Jim swiftly got up, grabbed the pillow and landed on top of her, he pointed the gun at the pillow and muffled her screams as he slowly asphyxiated her, she kicked and thrashed under the pillow, and managed to get away from him, and rolled off of the bed, panting. He pointed his gun at her. "You coward, you don't have it in you, do you?" She mocked her eyes full of danger. He looked away.

"No I don't." He got up from the bed, and placed his gun onto the table top, and sat in the wooden chair next to it for easy reach. He looked at her as she grabbed her clothing, and got dressed. He watched her dress with hungry eyes, as moments before they fucked and fought, and he desired to even fuck her again! "Leave them off."

"Huh?"

"Your clothes... Take everything off!" He demanded as he felt himself growing hard again.

Perhaps the hostility turned him on. It was turning Amy on too, because it was what she was used to. She took everything off and stood before him bare naked, she walked closer toward him, and he stood up, both facing one another, he gripped her by the hair roughly, and kissed her. She kissed back, as she gripped his nuts making him cry out in pain. She lightly twisted them, making him pull harder at her hair, as they kissed hard and aggressively. "Fuck I should have married you, my wife is mousy compared to you." He spoke as they paused from kissing. Amy smiled.

"You can leave her, and take me with you."

"Maybe."

"You will, I can see it." she was confident.

They began kissing once more. Jim loved his wife, but this was only sex, and sex was no match to love. "Undo your pants." Amy told him. He complied with her wishes, and did as told. Amy was the closest to the table now as Jim was the one to take the lead toward the bed. Before Jim realized his mistake and at this point, it was too late. Amy had the gun in her hands, and already pointing the gun at him. "Now do as I say, you cocksucker, and I will let you live." She spoke in low tone. "I could have left yes, but I didn't. I wanted to fuck you from the time you threw my mother out of her car and kidnapped me. I love you Jim."

Jim was shocked and raised his hands. "Now Amy I can't see you shooting me. If you love me, you will put the gun down." Amy shook her head with a deadly smile. It was her turn to have fun. "Oh Jim, Jim, Jim. I do love you, I know it's so soon, but I do." She sang lightly.

Jim was now shivering, as this girl was more fucked than he was, and that was dangerous. "Get back onto the bed until your back touches the head board." She directed. He complied, as he never took his eyes off of her the whole time. Amy started to grab her clothing, and slowly dressed herself, while pointing the gun at Jim. "Do you

love me?" She asked. Jim said nothing. "Well do you?" She asked again as she removed the safety and pressed her thumb on the trigger.

"No. I don't. I'm a married man." He told her.

"Pfff." She hissed. "Figures, all you men are the fucking same. Only here to fuck, and never love." She scolded. Jim opened his mouth to speak but Amy pulled the trigger, and got him straight in between the eyes, killing him instantly. She watched Jim's body fall to the side of the bed, after a few seconds of sitting there, waiting for full out brain death to occur. Blood and brains splattered on the wall where Jim's head once was. Putting the safety back on, Amy put the gun in her giant pocket of her hooded sweater, and escaped the motel room.

She walked out of the motel as if nothing ever occurred. A part of her wanted to break down and cry like a little school girl, but the other half of her decided to play the cold assassin. She was the one to have the balls to shoot to kill, not Jim. Jim was a fucking coward, a man with a gun that made him feel big and powerful, when meanwhile he was nothing but a house pet of a husband.

Amy walked down the street, and waited at a bus stop to catch the next bus. She was in that motel room for several hours and didn't realize it. She knew her mother wouldn't give a shit what ever happened to her, and therefore the police would never have been involved. Amy saw the bus coming, and pulled out a bus ticket from her jeans pocket, and held it. She pressed her right hand onto the right side pocket where the pistol lay within, as if to check to see if it was still snugly there.

She got onto the bus and took a seat in the back, where she could see everyone on the bus, and no one could see her. She looked out the window, as they passed the motel, and wondered how long it would be before someone discovered Jim's corpse half laying on the bed with his brains blown out.

She seemed to have an emotionless gaze about her features as she watched the world go by on that bus. She found her stop, and got off, to walk down the street to go home. She walked into the house and all seemed silent, but she was mistaken as her mother greeted her as she got half way up the stairs. "Where the fuck where you? What happened"? Her mother asked.

"You never called the police..." Amy spoke in low tone.

"You escaped from that monster?" Her mother asked.

"No bitch he let me go." Amy narrowed her eyes hard on her mother recalling how abusive she was toward her entire life. Her mother went to run up the stairs as Amy stood there with a smile on her face, and halted her mother's footsteps as she pulled out her gun in her pocket and pointed it at her. "All my life you did nothing but treat me like shit, all my life you did nothing but hurt me, and all my life you did nothing for me, but neglect me." Amy spoke in low cold tone; her nose was crinkled in anger. She took the safety off, and pressed her thumb onto the trigger.

"I'm sorry baby; it was your daddy's fault." She told her daughter, blaming it all on him.

"Daddy was never here, he left when I was born, so how could that be?" Amy protested.

"By impregnating me with you." Her mother sneered.

"I hate you, you fucking cunt!" Amy spoke between clenched teeth, and pulled the trigger twice, blowing her mother to hell, and watching her mother fall down the steps landing face down, with one arm upward, above her head. Amy looked at her for one last time, and slowly walked up the stairs, to her bedroom. Closing the door behind her, she cranked up her favourite metal band called Bloodbath, and decided to take her own life. She put the gun to her own skull, and pressed the trigger, blowing her own brains out as she sat on her bed for one last time. She fell backward, the gun falling from her hand, landing an inch from her fingers, as she landed onto her back, staring lifelessly up at the ceiling.

The Tool Shed

Blood dripped with rhythmic beat from Dan's forehead, as he sat crouched forward; his hands duct taped behind his back to the chair he was sitting in. He wore a tattered blue work shirt, and a black pair of dress pants. His once blond hair is now tainted with his own blood; there was a gaping wound at the back of his skull, where he was hit with a blunt object. Barely conscious, he shifted slightly in the chair, trying to arch his head upward to look ahead of himself, but only managed a weak nod, and his head fell forward again.

It was pitch black within the shed he sat within, and the only thing that he could manage to see was the crack of the door's light shining through from outside. His breathing was shallow, flinching a few times as the feel of his blood running down the side of his face, and dripping to the wooden floor. The sound of the lock being unlocked from the outside convulsed through Dan's ears. He managed to summon the strength to lift his head and see his wife Trinity opening the shed door. He winced as blood ran into his eyes, and threw his head down as he squinted from the penetrating light.

Trinity stood there to watch his reaction, with a sour look upon her face. Standing there with the door wide open, she had no worries of anyone ever seeing them, as they

were out in the middle of nowhere, and there was no one for miles; so Dan could scream and shout all that he desired, and no one would hear him. She glared at him from a few feet away. She stepped into the shed, and pulled the string to the light bulb, that was cast a few feet over Dan's head. The light flicked on, and Dan squinted his eyes tighter, as he shook his head at the same time.

"Why....?"

He managed a grunted whisper.

"Why... Are you doing this to me? I thought you loved me..?"

Dan added, as he held his head down, staring at the floor with a small pool of blood surrounding his feet. Trinity coldly looked at him.

Why Dan? Why you ask... Well let's see Dan....

The disgruntled wife glared at him, as he tried to pull his head up to look up at her. She knelt down to make it easier for him, and grabbed his jaw with her right hand and stared into his eyes with a malicious grin.

"It's plainly obvious, don't you think?"

"She started her explanation."

"You have beaten me, and raped me over the past years that we have been married. So you tell me; how do I love an asshole like you?"

Her voice taunted him, as she spoke with low aggressive tone. Dan looked into her eyes, and she shoved his face away, as she stood back up. She slapped him at the side of the head a few times for asking such a stupid question. Dan cringed, but said nothing.

"How does it feel Dan?"

She mocked with ice in her voice, as she stepped back at watch his reaction. He attempted to look up at her, he held his lips sealed, as he feared what she'd do next if he dare answer her. He decided not to look up at her to make eye contact, but only remembered the good days, before he became abusive. He recalled how he used to wine her, dine her, and treat her with the up most respect. He was unsure of how or what went wrong, but he soon took up being abusive toward her once they were

married. Perhaps it was how his father was with his mother when he was kid, as he learned from his father to hit women, and treat them like a piece of meat.

"Well are you going to answer me or what?"

She demanded in higher pitched tone. Dan nodded.

"I'm sorry, Trinity, I really am... I do love you."

He pleaded. Trinity snorted as she placed her hands upon her hips, and shook her head.

"Right, that's why I was covered in bruises everyday!"

She protested, and then lashed out her foot, to kick his foot. Dan flinched, and trying to move his feet under the chair despite them being duct taped to the legs; he started sobbing. Trinity moved away from him, and turned off the lights, then walked toward the door, and shut it behind her as she stepped out of the shed and locked it. He was still sobbing like a baby, and she just coldly rolled her eyes and walked away.

She was going to kill him, but she wanted him to suffer first. Force him to suffer just like he made her suffer all these years. After all these years, agony finally had spoken to her, and now she was getting vengeance. She walked back toward the house, and went back inside.

Dan just sat there sobbing, as he could feel the itching of the drying blood on his face begin to irritate him. Silence was soon found surrounding him, and it was almost unbearable. He sat there his upper body slowly swaying from side to side, as it seemed as though he was drifting in and out of consciousness; his lips trembled and he managed to fill the dark shed with a mumble or two. His eyes shut, as he could feel himself growing weaker by the hour, his heart no longer pounded hard, it was a steady weak relaxed rhythm as if sedated.

It wasn't before long that he heard the door to the house slam, and listened to his wife's footsteps from the outside on the gravel. A jingle of keys could be heard, it was the car keys. His eyes half opened and he looked toward the doorway, at the crack of light. He heard the car door pen, close, and the ignition turned on. Trinity sped away from the parking lot, and silence again filled the air. Dan wanted to scream out for help, but knew no one could or would ever hear him. *'Scream all you like idiot, no one will ever hear you, you're out in the middle of butt-fuck nowhere'*. Despite knowing this, he screamed out a blood curdling yell almost deafening himself. His voice made his head buzz, and his ears ring as he yelled out once more. It was as if he summoned up the rest of his energy just to yell out.

His breathing started acting up, in heavy pants as he grew tired of yelling and screaming like a banshee and finally had given up. He sat there looking at the crack of

the door seeing the evening light, blinking hard as his eyes began to droop like a sleepy child. He was drifting again, and into unconsciousness, he experienced yet again.

He awoke a few hours later, the sunlight fading from the door, and it was getting dark outside. He didn't hear Trinity come home yet, but he sat there listening anyway just to see if he could hear any movement. After a few minutes of silence, he just couldn't take it anymore. He had to get out of that shed, or he was going to die.

"To hell with this bitch, I'm getting out of here."

Dan whispered lightly to himself as he fiddled with his duct taped wrists that bound him to the chair. He started to really struggle and forced himself to jump in the wooden chair, managing to make the chair move a few inches. He bounced some more and rocked back and forth, side to side, grunting the whole time. He could feel one of the legs of the chair willing to give out, but it just wouldn't give. He tried some more, before almost giving up he leaned forward in the chair as if in defeat hanging his head low toward his knees and took a break to catch his breath. He sat there for several moments before making any more attempts to break free.

He screamed in agony, and pain as he rocked side to side, and front to back, with bouncing the chair. The weakened leg never broken off, but he tipped the chair. A yell of fear emitted from him, as he fell. There was no way to break the fall, so he fell to his side; and was stuck like a turtle would have been, if it was caught on its back. His skull smashed to the ground along with his left shoulder bringing him immense pain. Another yell ripped from his voice just as he heard the car pulling into the driveway.

"Son of a bitch!!! "

He yelled out not caring if the bitch heard him or not. The car was turned off, and he listened between his panting. Footsteps grew closer upon the gravel, and stopped at the foot of the shed. He wasn't sure if it was fear that ripped throughout his soul, or if it was anger. Maybe it was a mixture of both features. Dan grit his teeth as the shed door was unlocked and opened, there she stood looking down at him. She placed her hands upon her hips and shook her head.

"Now look what you did, you toppled yourself over! "

Trinity pointed out with complaint. Her voice was almost calm, soothing, yet sinister. She took a step inside, flicked on the light, and looked at him as she stood over him.

"What am I going to do with you?"

Her voice was the same tone. Dan looked to her feet, and then slowly looked up at her, blinking from the light.

A sneer fell from Trinity. " You are so pathetic. You know that? "

Dan said nothing at all and just lay there.

"I think I'll just leave you here. Yeah that's just what I'll do.... " Trinity laughed lightly watching him. She turned off the shed light.

"No..." Dan whispered just before she went to go walk out of the shed.

"No? Why not?" She teased.

Dan said nothing. Trinity glowered at him. "Water, I need water..." He told her in a quiet tone.

Trinity twisted her mouth thinking about it as she wanted to keep him alive long enough to teach him a lesson. She was too lazy to go inside the house to go grab him a glass of water. She had the urge to urinate and had been holding it for the longest time. She turned on the light once more in the shed, and looked down at him. He looked up at her wondering what the hell she was thinking. He figured it out as she undid her zipper to her pants. "No..... No.... NOOOOO..... " His voice started in a low grunt ending with a pleading yell. Trinity squat down ignoring his pleas, and pissed all over his face.

"There, here's your water..." She told him in the midst of relieving herself.

Dan choked and spat as he squint his eyes shut tightly to avoid her piss from getting into his eyes. Once satisfied and done with her duty she zipped up and looked down at him and purred. "Did you like that?"

Dan growled at her. An amused laugh filled the shed from her high pitched voice, as she observed his frustration and agony. She backed away, and bent down to lift him to a sitting position. "Wha... What are you doing?" Dan whimpered.

"Sitting you back up you dumb shit"! She hissed lightly, as she pulled him back up from the ground.

"I have to use the bathroom" Dan told her.

"Well, I'm sorry about your luck dear, you will just have to go in your pants!" Trinity huffed, as she pulled away from the chair, and looked at him.

She watched him beginning to sob like a little school girl on her first day of Kindergarten. She twisted her lips into a malicious grin, as she stood there for a few moments getting full enjoyment out of his cries. She placed her hands upon her hips, and tapped her toes lightly. Dan stopped his sobbing and looked up at her in question. He slowly lowered his head again, tucking his chin into his chest, and sobbed and sniffled some more.

Trinity turned away from him, leaving the shed light on, and walked out of the shed, closing the door behind her. She walked back into the house, and fumbled around

in the kitchen for a few moments to fetch him something to eat. Poor bastard must have been famished by now. She came back out, and reopened the shed and stepped inside, his head was still down, and he looked as though he may have passed out once again. She cleared her throat lightly to grab his attention.

Dan looked up opening his eyes, half asleep by now. He saw Trinity holding a spoon in one hand and a bowl in her other hand. She stepped closer to him, and held the spoon to his mouth. Dan cringed when he got a whiff of what she was trying to feed him. It was moist dog food. He turned his cheek as she pressed it closer to his face, the spoon following his mouth.

"Not hungry?" She cooed gently.

Dan offered Trinity a deadly glare up at her his mouth held tightly shut. Trinity laughed. She placed the spoon upon his lips, and he spat at her, and forced himself to turn cheek once more. Trinity wiped off the spit he spat upon her, and then slapped him hard across the face. "You will eat whatever I serve you." She hissed between clenched teeth with a threatening stare. Dan looked away from her and turned his cheek once more as she made another attempt to feed him the dog food. She scooped up a huge spoonful of dog food, and placed the bowl on a shelf nearby, grabbed the top of his skull, forcing his mouth open as he screamed in pain with her touching his wounds.

She shovelled the spoonful of food into his mouth, to muffle his screams. He spat out the food all over his own lap. She forced in another spoonful, deeper into his mouth this time, forcing some down his throat, where it made him gag. He threw up all over himself. "You're worse than a fucking kid. You know that?!" Trinity scolded, as she placed the spoon into the bowl, and grabbed for a rag, and wiped him clean.

"You make me sick." Dan growled.

"How so"?

"Feeding me dog food, what the fuck." Dan yelled, as he bounced into the chair trying to break free.

"That's because you are a dog. " She told him. "Now eat it up!" She added.

She reached for the spoon and dipped into the bowl once more, and whipped up a huge spoonful, and forced his mouth open with clenching his skull with her free hand. He yelled in agony as her fingers forced their way into his wounds reopening them and forced blood to trickle down his scalp. Trinity shoved the spoon into his mouth, and she quickly closed his jaws to make him swallow what was in his mouth. He swallowed. He gagged for a few minutes almost throwing up all over himself again.

Finally satisfied, Trinity backed away from him and watched him for a moment or two before retiring back into the house. She took the bowl with her. He could hear her washing the dishes from the tool shed as he sat there in total darkness, stinking of sweat, blood, piss and vomit. He really needed to use the bathroom, and he wanted to cross his legs, but it was impossible in his state. He trembled from the cool air that

reached within the confines of the tool shed. As time grew later, he grew colder, and no longer could hold his full bladder, as he had been holding it all day that day.

He mustered up the courage to finally piss himself, and he cried like a little boy as he did it. "Fuck, fuck, fuck" He lightly spoke to himself as he felt the warmth of his piss grow cold on his ass and legs. He clenched his teeth as he grew colder and his whole body tensed up, hoping he'd gain incredible strength to go kill that bitch, but obviously it would never work, so he screamed and shouted at the top of his lungs. "I fucking hate you, you fucking bitch. You fucking French whore, you class Z slut!" He yelled as loud as he could, his head pounded from the wounds as he shouted.

Trinity could hear him from inside the house; she was just getting out of the hot bath, and getting ready to go to bed for the night. She listened to him scream from the bathroom, and rushed downstairs, and out of the house to unlocked the tool shed, flicked on the light, to see her deranged husband sitting there heavily breathing with pursed lips, and clenched teeth as if he was hyperventilating. His face was red, and his body was tense with clenched fists. His nose was crinkled, as he took in rapid breaths through his teeth and out again through his teeth.

She crossed her arms and tapped her feet watching him, as if he was staring out in space, looking right at her. It was as if he had lost his conscious, and was now in a trance hyper angered state. Trinity grinned with amusement. "What are you going to do big man?" She toyed with him. He blinked up at her his face still the same if not getting redder.

"I'm going to fucking kill you." He stated in low aggressive tone.

A laugh fell from Trinity's lips as she listened to him speak. "Oh really? How?"

He started to breath hard again as if giving birth. "Oh quit it..." Trinity told him, then turned off the light, and closed the door, then locked it. She could still hear his breathing, and just as she was entering into the hose he was screaming at her once again. She laughed to herself, knowing that she was going to kill him by sunrise. She went upstairs to go to bed for the night.

She stopped loving her husband years ago, ever since he laid a hand on her. At first she was frightened, but now, she had ultimate power over him, and she loved every minute of it. She could hear him screaming from outside, but she turned on her radio to block out his yells of anguish, and hateful words thrown at her. She soon fell asleep with a smile on her face.

Dan finally gave up yelling, and lowered his head in defeat. He closed his eyes and recalled the day that he met her, and fell instantly in love with Trinity, or so he thought that he loved her. She took a bit longer to love him back, because of trust issues from her past, but eventually a few months later, she was crazy about him just as much as he was about her. He recalled the first day he ever hit her, after they got married, and she was too afraid to file for divorce because he threatened her that he would find her through Bounty Hunter connections that he had. It all started on that fateful day, where Trinity started to slowly hate him and overcome her fears of him.

He must have fallen asleep and wasn't aware of it, because the morning's sunlight shone through the door's crevice and shone at his face and woke him up. He squinted weakly, as he smacked his dry chapped lips. He raised his head, and listened to the songs of the birds singing in the trees. He took in a deep breath and ended it with a heavy sigh. The sound of familiar footsteps sounded toward him, and he cringed at the thought if his wife torturing him some more.

The sound of the lock clicked, and the door swung open. Trinity stepped inside the tool shed, flicked on the light and held up all of his identification to his face. He looked at it, and blinked up at her his eyes still fuzzy from sleeping. "You won't need these anymore " Trinity informed him. He had no chance to respond, as she brought a lighter to the papers, and set them on fire.

"Aw come on." He yelled in a defeated tone.

He helplessly watched all the paper documents burn, then she took the scissors to all of his identification cards and cut them all up into itty bitty pieces. He sobbed, as he lowered his head in defeat.

"Okay you win"! He told her as he looked up at her once again.

"It's too late for that asshole, you should have thought about that ages ago." She told him with a coy voice. Dan just lowered his head once again and sobbed like a little school girl. Trinity noticed the patch of piss stain upon his pants. "No wonder you stink." She turned away and went to the side of the house to reach for the hose and turned it on.

She pointed the hose in his direction as she stood outside of the tool shed, and blasted him with it. Screaming in reaction, he rocked back and forth into the chair almost tipping backward from the pressure. All the while Trinity had a huge grin on her face. She proceeded to blast him with the garden hose for several minutes, then turned away and turned off the hose, and put it away. She walked back to the shed looking at him dripping wet. "There now your clean you dirty scumbag." She told him. She saw his expression become pleading.

"Please enough, I said that I was sorry, and I really am!" He pleaded.

Trinity wasn't giving into his tactics of apology, and shook her head at him. "No sorry, it's just not going to work." She stated coldly. "Though I do want to play a game with you" She said with brightened up eyes as an idea struck her like a ton of bricks. Dan looked at her water dripping from all over, and he'd occasionally shake his head to shake the drops from falling into his eyes and ears. He shivered as he began to feel cold. Trinity walked closer toward him, and past him a foot or two to the back of the shed, and reached for a pair of rusty hedge clippers that where hanging upon the wall behind Dan.

Dan tried to turn his head to see what she was up to, but had a feeling she was reaching for one of the tools. She rounded herself to face him, and snapped the old rusty hedge clippers before his nose, forcing him to pull away and blink rapidly many

times. He sat there and swallowed a dry swallow, and Trinity could almost actually hear him gulp. She pulled away a few inches, and studied him. "It's called truth". She said. "A game where I ask you a bunch of questions, and if I feel that you're lying to me, I cut off one body part, starting with your penis." She let him know the rules of the game. Dan's heart pounded within the core of his chest as he looked at her. "You're insane!" He exclaimed.

A laugh fell from his wife's lips. " You just figured this out?"

She drew in closer toward him. "Get that thing away from me." He told her. She didn't listen obviously, and undid his pants. He squirmed, and rocked in his chair to try and fight her from pulling his pants half down, but it didn't work. She struggled but managed to pull them down to his knees, and cut at his underwear open to expose him. He squirmed some more as his penis was now fully exposed. Trinity was kneeling before him. "Okay, first question". She grinned. Dan swallowed hard.

"Anything, I will do anything, please Please don't cut off my dick!" He cried out.

She ignored his cries and asked him the first question. "Did you ever cheat on me?" She looked at him. His breathing grew hard and heavy with panic, as his heart felt as though it was about to explode. "Yes. Yes I cheated, and I'm sorry." He admitted.

"Alright, next question". She moved to his fingers. "Did you ever steal money from me?" She asked almost sounding innocent. Dan shook his head. "No. Never." He told her. Without warning, she instantly moved back over to his cock, and it forced him to squirm. "No wait.. Wait.. No please.... Noo"..... She moved swiftly toward his penis, and gave one last look at him. Whatever lie he was caught in, she'd cut off his dick anyway, and let him slowly bleed to death.

Trinity grinned at him, as she drew closer toward his cock, he squirmed and rocked. "Stay still, you typical asshole". She grabbed it, and snipped it right off swiftly. The first few seconds was numb, and Dan didn't feel a thing, and the pain then came on suddenly. He screamed a blood curdling scream, which forced a group of birds to fly out from the bushes nearby. Perhaps the closest neighbour may have heard him. Blood spurt upon Trinity's face as she snipped it clean off.

Pulling away, she had his dick in one hand, and the clippers in the other hand. She waved his penis near his face, as he drew back his head and yelled louder in agonizing pain. "You see, one must always be careful who they choose to marry; because one day, it always falls back on you, when you have wronged your love." Trinity told him over his screams, but he didn't hear her as he was too busy crying out in pain. She threw his penis onto the ground and watched it roll by his feet. She walked past him, and placed the bloody hedge clippers back onto the shelf, where it belonged. "You will not get away with this...." He informed her.

"Oh I already have...." She mocked.

"Work will be looking for me, you fucking cunt."

"Not today they won't be." She further mocked.

A puddle of blood could now be seen on the floor by Dan's feet, blood was everywhere, all over his legs, his stomach, his face and chest. Trinity stood there for a minute and admired her work well done. "Well I guess I shall see you in hell." She told him saying a formal goodbye. He started crying hard, and in between his cries he was still screaming, until he finally had passed out from the pain and loss of blood. Trinity went to the garage, and grabbed a gas can, and walked back to the tool shed, and poured the gasoline all over Dan, and surrounding tool shed until the gasoline can was empty.

She threw the can toward the side of the house, and stepped outside of the shed, and grabbed the lighter in her pocket, bent down, and ignited the tool shed. The heat from the fire forced Dan to wake up, and he struggled in his chair, screaming as he was beginning to be burned alive. Her assaults started out so minor, until she finally had killed him. She stepped away from the heat of the flames, and watched him burn to a crisp; he screamed in agony the entire time until charred into a black skeleton. The whole shed soon caught on fire, and she stepped further out to watch the shed burn down.

Later that evening, she cleaned up the mess, getting rid of every piece of evidence of his existence, just in case the police wanted to drop by for questioning; because Dan's work would eventually be looking for him. She managed to clean up everything, and it took her a long while to do it, but she was done, and now thoroughly exhausted. She took large heaps of his burned body parts and disposed of them into huge black garbage bags, and took them to the trunk of her vehicle. She then drove off to dump the body and other evidence off into another city's dumpster.

She drove a few hours out, where it was almost daylight, but she made it where no one would ever see her by pulling into the back of a building, and swiftly getting rid of the garbage bags, and driving off. She decided to grab a motel for the day, as she was feeling too fatigued to drive back home. She stayed close by where she dumped the body to observe a garbage truck taking away the bags she dumped. It was her lucky morning; as she got to the dumpster just on time, to see it being emptied from her motel window. A smile slid across her face as she pulled away from the window, and fell onto the bed and fell asleep.

She woke up hours later, and checked out of the motel feeling refreshed. She got into her vehicle and drove off, stopping at a store on the way home to pick up some needed groceries. She shopped and was at the cash register where the male cashier started flirting with her. "Hey there pretty lady. I have not seen you here before." He said.

"Oh I'm just on here on business." She informed him as she looked at his name tag and it read Frank on it.

"Got a name?" Frank asked her.

"Trinity." She cooed back at him, as they locked eyes. She grabbed a pen, and started writing something down on the receipt that he handed to her. "Call me." she told him.

Frank nodded. "Oh I will." He smiled back at her then watched her walk away with a few bags of groceries. Trinity wondered how good of a man Frank would be; that is if he made the first step to call her.....

About The Author

Annette Keachie lives in Ontario Canada, and enjoys writing as she has been writing for 16 years now. She has written just about 4,000 poems within her 16 years of being an unpublished author. Now at age of 28, she is perusing her dream in becoming a published author, with publishing this book as her first book. She has no children, and enjoys the single life; however she does want to get married sooner or later whether she has children in the future or not.

She currently is now working on her second book Grim Tales part 2. Another collection of short horror stories.

